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READERS' LETTERS

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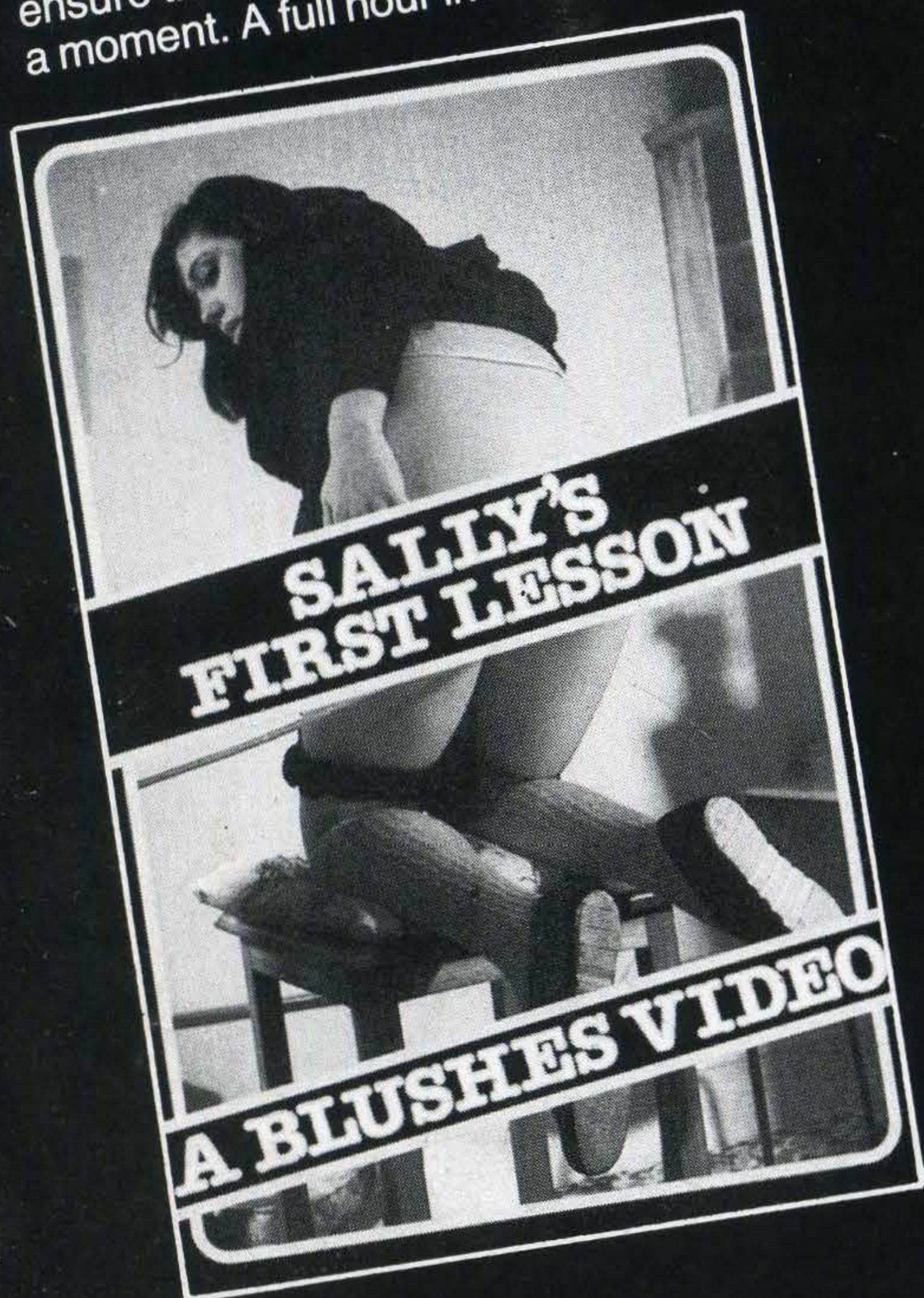
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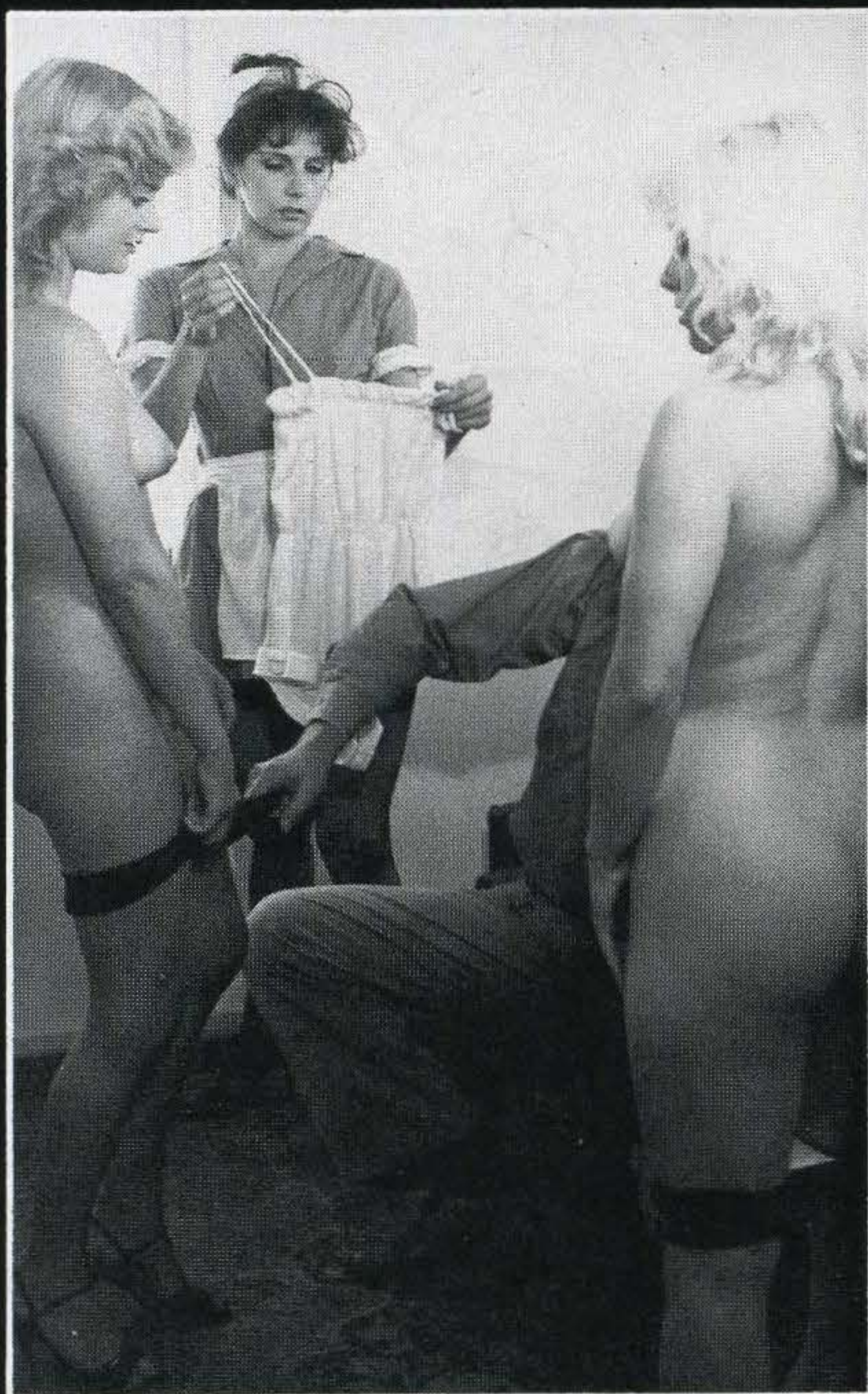
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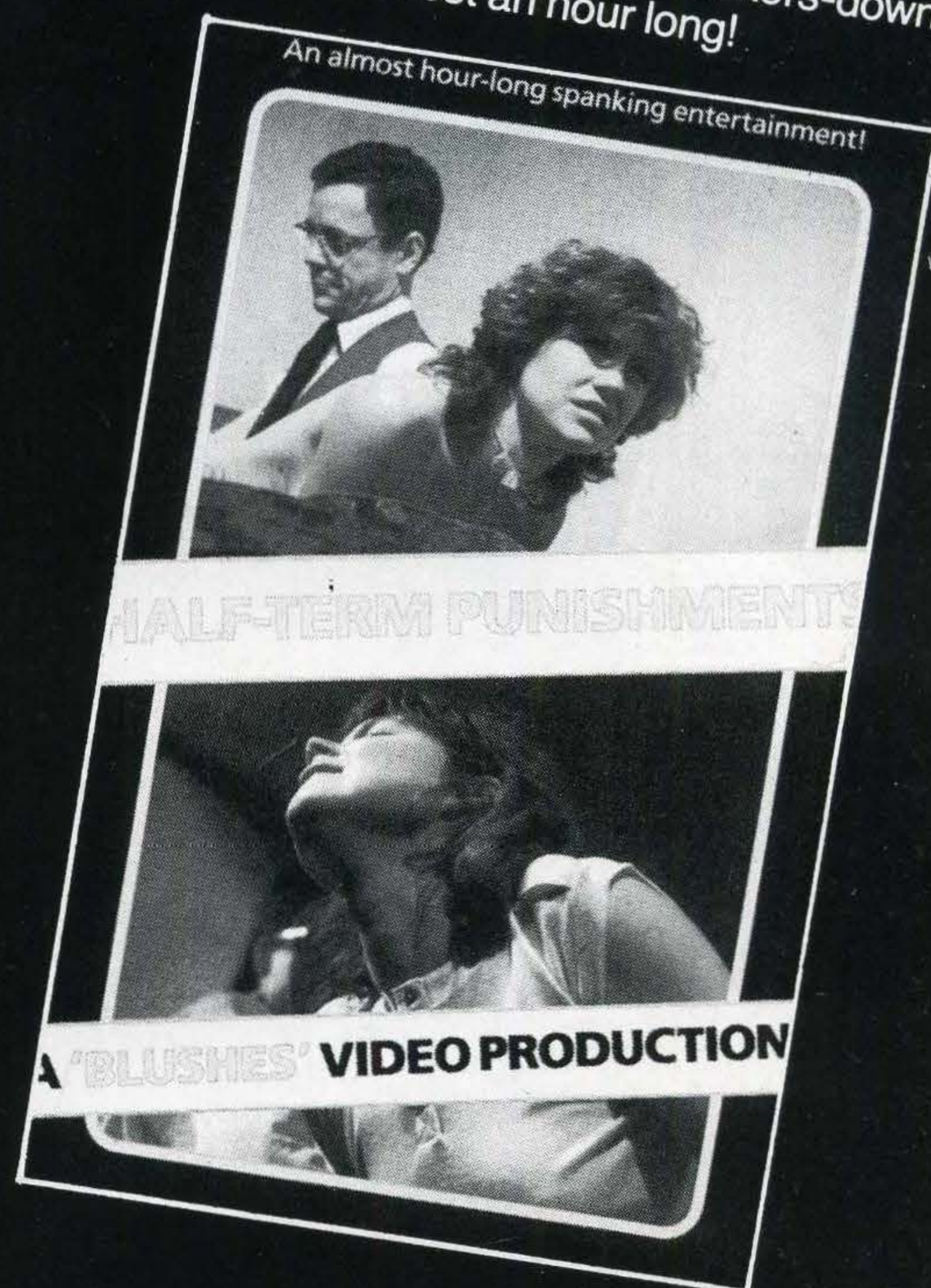
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The result on the girls is very interesting indeed and should not be missed, we see a young very reluctant blonde turned into a screaming nympho with even 2 men and 1 girl beating her and playing with her at the same time, and unable to give her satisfaction. You will also see a very "upper crust" lady with a fantastic brown body, beaten to a point of sexual arousal where she cannot resist interfering with herself. Then there are the 2 girls who have always been close friends find their friendship takes on a new meaning before your very eyes as they are beaten at the same time and can only find solice in each other. THESE SCENES ARE REAL AND HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE STORY LINE, THEY WERE FILMED AS THEY HAPPENED.... and there is more.... and you will see many tears.

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# BLUSHES

Hear Ye!  
Hear Ye!

"BLUSHES"  
GOES  
MONTHLY!

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From the mid-November issue  
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**HENRY'S  
NEW GIRL**





Henry Fultonby, in his fifties and a committed and contented bachelor, did not boast of doing good works, he was not that sort of person, but clearly he filled a social need. He was a good citizen who could be called on, even by strangers. Called on in those long school holidays, especially those interminably long summer ones, when Charlotte, Victoria, Jane or whoever can be just a little tiresome and loving but increasingly exasperated mother would so like to be rid of her offspring for just a little while. In that sort of situation if you happened to hear of Henry Fultonby your problems could well be solved.

Charlotte and Victoria and Jane were of course *teenage* girls. And they were always *girls*, for Henry was certainly not interested in having his charming house cluttered with young males. But for Charlotte etc., yes he could usually oblige there – for a week, two weeks or whatever. Henry was indeed found to be a most obliging man in such matters. He was kept pleasurably busy. Naturally he did not advertise his services, nothing so sordid as that, but word of mouth proved quite sufficient.

"Daphne says he's awfully good with girls. And of course there's discipline. Daphne says he's very good at *that*. Sort of the old school type. She said her Monica came back a changed girl."

"Hmmm."

In what specific ways Monica was a changed girl we need not for the moment inquire. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Elizabeth Hartnall heard this information with most eager ears. Which was why prettily blonde Valerie Hartnall subsequently found herself, a week after the end of summer term, on a train heading out into the remoter regions of Suffolk.

"I presume..?" he queried, on the platform at Little Grindleham. 'Valerie Hartnall' she said flushing slightly. She was wearing her blue school dress and dark blue blazer, her school straw hat set squarely on corn-coloured hair. Valerie





would not have chosen to wear this outfit but Mr. Fultonby had said it would aid recognition. But in any case no one else had alighted at this sleepy little station now basking in the early afternoon sunshine.

Henry smiled a nice friendly smile. He was a reassuring figure in tweed jacket and flannels. "Welcome to Little Grindleham," he said. "My but you *are* a pretty girl." He picked up her case and took her arm in his hand. Outside the station was Henry's oldish Daimler. What happened next is perhaps best explained by the fact that there can always be a little confusion when one person is helping another into a car. It is all a matter of timing really and if the timing is not quite right things can go a bit amiss.

Although by now Henry Fultonby should have been pretty well practised at helping girls into his car. At any event as Valerie bent forward to enter Henry's hand somehow came up under the back of that knee-length school skirt – not that it would be reaching knee length, nowhere near, when Valerie was bending forward in this manner. The hand came up the skirt and up the backs of her black school stockings to somehow fin-

ish up with a nice grip on the silky soft flesh at the rear of one bare upper thigh.

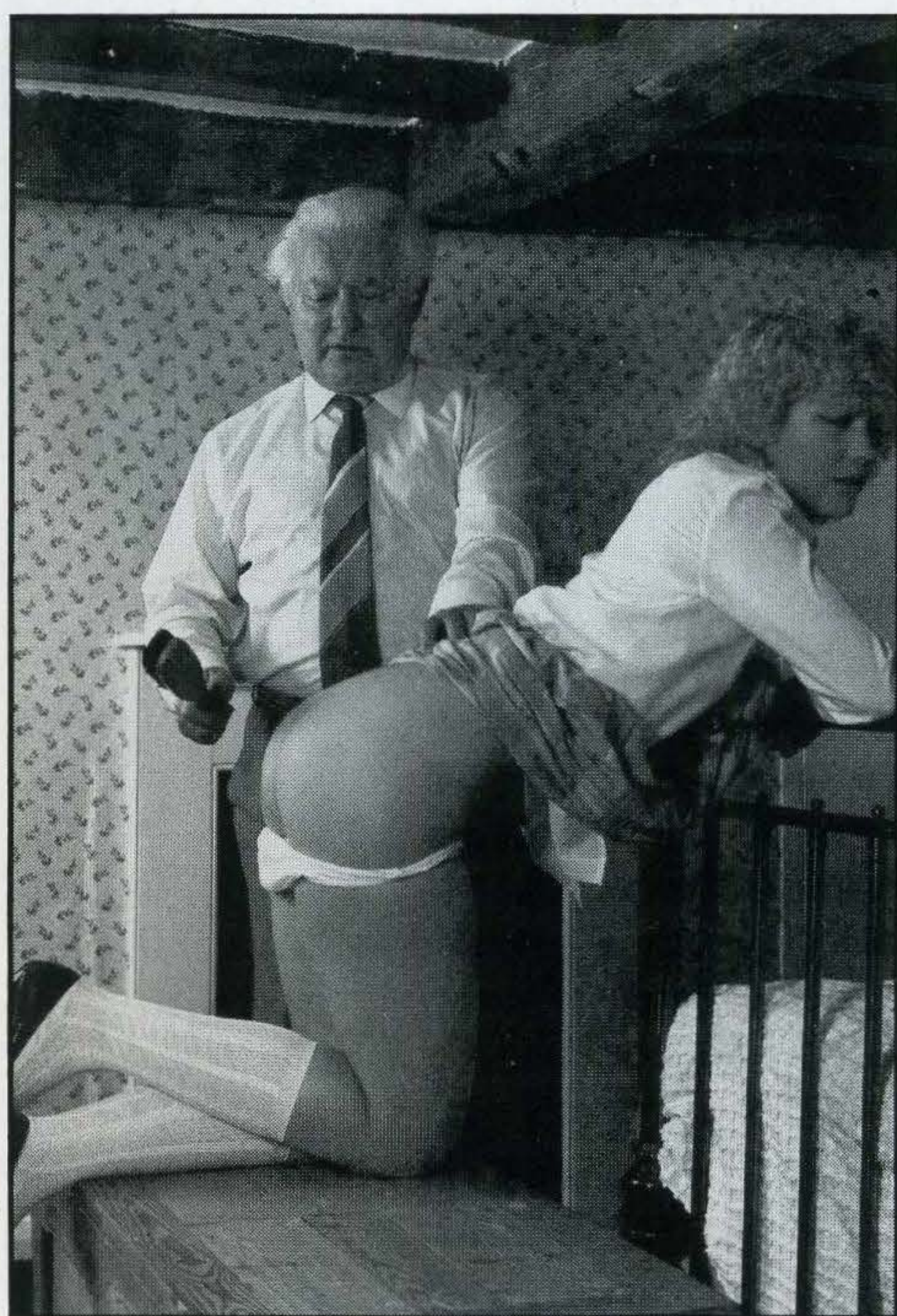
Valerie not unnaturally emitted a sharp squeak. Henry gave a reassuring little laugh while his hand fumbled about a bit – presumably trying to disentangle itself, but it took a little time. There were tiny beads of perspiration on Valerie's soft upper lip when finally she was seated in the Daimler. It had all been very embarrassing and she just hoped Mr. Fultonby wasn't embarrassed too, for she did want to get off to a good start.

Mr. Fultonby did not seem embarrassed though as, driving off, his hand came confidently down onto Valerie's right thigh. Apart from when Mr. Fultonby had to change gear and suchlike Mr. Fultonby kept his hand there. And somehow Valerie's skirt got pushed up so that his hand was on stocking top and bare thigh. She hoped this didn't embarrass him either, but there was certainly no sign that her new host was embarrassed in any way.

They drove for a little distance in the sunny afternoon and then Mr. Fultonby said that as it was *such* a nice sunny day they could stop and have a little picnic which he had thoughtfully brought with him. They found a really nice place, a secluded clearing in some woods that was just right. But then, Valerie thought, as Mr. Fultonby lived hereabouts he probably knew it before – he might even have brought girls here before. She hadn't yet asked him about other girls, still being a bit shy with him even though he was so nice and friendly. Her mother had been a bit vague but did say she thought he regularly had girls staying with him.

They sat down and Valerie took her blazer off and her straw boater. Mr. Fultonby remarked again that Valerie was very pretty. Her hair was like ripening corn, he said. There was not much answer to that except a modest maidenly blush and Valerie duly produced one. Mr. Fultonby then also said she had a very nice figure. "A very nice bust," he said, his eyes having a *really* good look at it. "I always like to see a nice firm bust on a girl. Tell me, are you wearing a bra under that pretty uniform?"

Valerie not unnaturally blushed a bit more at this. She *was* wearing a bra of course. Her mother told her always to wear one now that she had quite a full figure. Other-



wise the shape of your nipples would show and that was not at all a good idea. Common men and youths in the street would make remarks.

Mr. Fultonby wasn't a common man of course, he was a proper country gentleman, Valerie's mother had said. Nonetheless, to Valerie's further embarrassment, he was now telling her that a pretty girl shouldn't be afraid to show her figure. And if a young girl had a nice firm pair of breasts she was much better off not wearing a bra. More healthy. Suddenly, and shockingly, one of Mr. Fultonby's hands, as he sat beside her on the plaid blanket, was cupping Valerie's right breast.

She gasped. "Yes, very nice and firm," Henry Fultonby said. "So I really should recommend leaving off this bra, young lady. Certainly for the duration of your stay with me."

Poor Valerie didn't know what to do. She had never had a man's hand there before and it sent real shivers down her. She was sure she shouldn't *let* him put his hand there but on the other hand he *was* Mr. Fultonby and she didn't want to seem like a silly little schoolgirl. She was after all 16. At last after quite a bit of squeezing and gro-

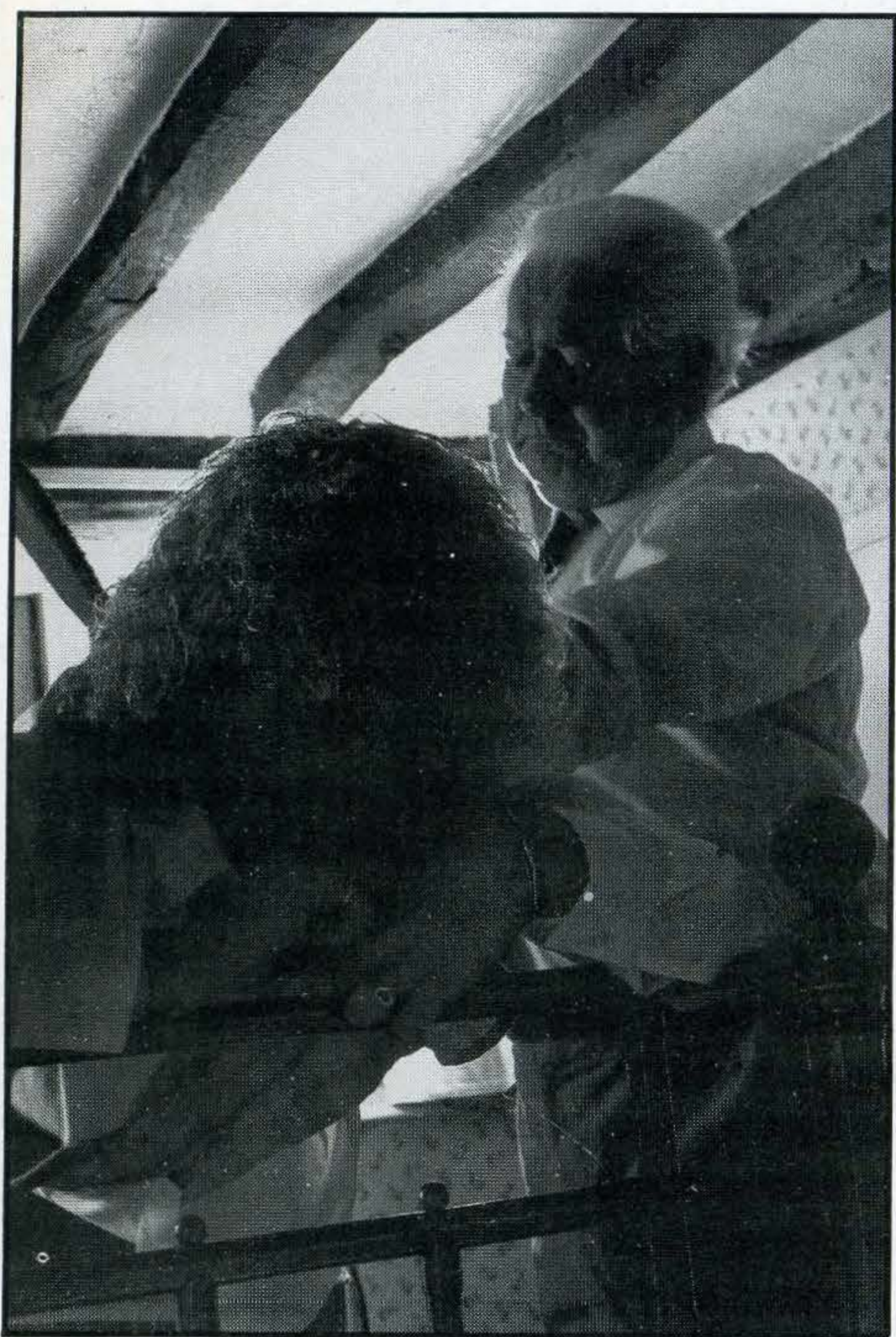






MAY I PULL MY KNICK...





ping, at that breast and also at the other one, presumably to check that they were both equally firm, he did take his hand away.

"Yes, definitely no bra, I think, Valerie," Henry Fultonby said firmly as he reached for the hamper to take out cakes and things. Poor Valerie tried not to think about what he had said, or indeed what he had just done. She said Thankyou for a doughnut and tried instead to concentrate on that, trying to eat it in a lady-like manner and not have jam squirting out all over the place.

She had two doughnuts and a jam tart, plus some lemonade, without having any sandwiches first, which her mother certainly would not have allowed. Mr. Fultonby didn't seem bothered about that sort of thing. He even tried to persuade her to have a third doughnut but Valerie sensibly said no to that. She said, "No thanks, I might get fat" and then was blushing again, remembering what a girl at school said. Cakes and things gave you a nice round bottom and big breasts and that was what men liked. Not that Valerie believed it, she knew that too many cakes would just make you fat all over.

Unfortunately Valerie's innocent remark was a cue for Mr.

Fultonby, who had already had a good feel at her breasts. "I'm quite sure you're *not* fat," he said. Then to prove this to himself he pulled back the skirt of Valerie's school dress as she sat with legs straight out in front of her. There, suddenly, was the full length of black school stockings, the welts held taut at mid thigh by the straps of a white suspender belt. The straps crossed the fronts of creamily smooth upper thighs at the very top of which could be glimpsed tight white knickers.

With a little yelp Valerie's hands shot automatically out to pull down her skirt but Mr. Henry Fultonby firmly pushed her hands away. "Just having a little look" he assured her as his own hand took hold of one rounded upper thigh. He squeezed it in a very practised manner – but then Henry Fultonby *was* very practised when it came to girls' thighs. Poor Valerie didn't know what to do or where to look. His fingers were right down between her upper thighs, an area where a girl is very very sensitive. It was awful but also very exciting because she had never ever had a man's hand there before.

The hand at last came away and Valerie gave a little sigh of relief. Nervously she edged her skirt back down, hoping he wouldn't notice and tell her to stop. It did look as though staying with Mr. Fultonby was going to be... well, different in some respects.

Indeed it was, for Henry Fultonby, having satisfied himself that his new protegee's thighs were all they should be, was now talking about something else. Discipline. He was a firm believer in it and without it girls could grow up to be a real mess. Valerie nodded agreement, not too sure what he was talking about but certainly she thought that juvenile delinquents and suchlike should be properly dealt with.

It seemed, though, that Mr. Fultonby was not talking about juvenile delinquents exactly. He was talking about her. Did she get properly disciplined at school? She said that they all did. Lines and things. But Mr. Fultonby was not talking about lines, he said. He was talking about getting their bottoms smacked or being caned.

Valerie shook her pretty head in some bewilderment. No, nothing like that. It was a *girls* school of course. And, well, she *was* 16. Henry Fultonby smiled and shook his head. Sixteen was just the age

to appreciate it and get the full benefit. He looked keenly at Valerie... who simply blushed a very deep red. Well it was such an awful thought, such a truly impossible one, to get your bottom smacked or caned, at 16. Perhaps though, she thought, he was joking?

No, Henry Fultonby was not joking. Pleasantly but firmly he told her that *he* certainly smacked a girl's bottom, and he also caned that same part of a girl's anatomy. He regarded it as his duty. Furthermore as Valerie had not had any experience of such chastisement before he thought it would be a good idea, a *very* good idea if he administered a preliminary spanking to his new guest this very afternoon. In this very spot, conveniently secluded as it was from strangers' eyes. Not that Valerie had misbehaved in any way but it would enable her to know what to expect.

"No, please!" yelled Valerie. It was just *impossible*!

But Henry Fultonby said "Yes please" in a very firm voice. And then added something else which if you were a 16-year-old girl who had never been spanked before was even more horrifying.

"Yes Valerie. And I shall of course want your knickers down. Smacking a girl's bottom is always much more effective if her knickers are down and her bottom bare."

Could he really be saying this? Unfortunately he could, as any of the various girls who had stayed with Henry before could bear witness. An early 'Knickers down' was always on the agenda. Henry stood up and taking Valerie's hand pulled her gently to her feet. Once a girl had been acquainted with the matter of 'Knickers down' there was no point in hanging about. Strike while the iron was hot.

To one side of the clearing was a fallen tree trunk, whose moss-covered surface afforded a convenient and quite comfortable seat. Henry had used it before. He went to sit on it now and told Valerie to stand close in front of him. Then without further ado his two knowing hands slid up under her skirt. Fingers found the waistband of her knickers and before she knew it they were down round Valerie's knees.

"Hold up your skirt, my dear," Henry said in that firm authoritarian voice. "High up round your waist."

Valerie's hands complied, without her mind fully registering it on





a conscious level. She stood, trembling slightly while Henry looked, and looked with satisfaction. He had seen plenty of girls before but each one was different, each one delightful. This one seemed especially delightful. The black stockings and lowered white knickers below, and the bunched-up blue skirt above, formed a charming frame, complemented by the vertical lines of the taut suspender straps. The rest was softly

swelling nubile girlhood. At the very centre, on the lower surface of the firmly rounded mound, a pouting pink split peeped through a sparse covering of soft blonde curls.

Valerie uttered a sort of gasping groan as her mind finally got a grip on what she was doing, what she was showing. A second groan was stifled as Henry Fultonby pulled her forward and over his lap, taking care to ensure that the raised





had earlier glimpsed. Of all that a girl has to offer. Of what indeed at this stage Valerie Hartnall would certainly not dream of offering.

But a few days with Henry Fultonby's tender care could take their toll of even the shyest and most reluctant girl.

Valerie continued to wail and flail her pretty legs. Henry continued to spank energetically, and look keenly. The sun continued to shine serenely down on a scene which this pleasant glade, some two miles from Henry's residence, had seen quite a few times before.

\* \* \* \* \*

Crunching gravel, the Daimler rolled up a longish driveway through what looked like good-sized grounds – lawns and shrubs and some big cedars and things. The driveway terminated in a broad semicircular sweep in front of a pretty house, creepers climbing up its grey stone walls. It seemed like a nice place, not a prison exactly but Valerie, sitting next to Mr. Fultonby, thought once more of that awful spanking she had received 20 minutes earlier. There was also the fact that she did not now have any knickers on, these having been transferred to Mr. Fultonby's right hand jacket pocket.

As the Daimler pulled up there emerged from the house a pretty girl in a short summery frock. She looked about Valerie's age, but was dark rather than blonde, with big brown eyes and shoulder-length chestnut hair. Henry Fultonby, alighting from his car, greeted her in a decidedly friendly manner, putting his arms round her and then, it seemed to Valerie, putting one hand up the front of her short skirt. The girl gave a sort of ecstatic groan... and wriggled her bottom in what looked like a very appreciative manner. When this greeting had broken off she was introduced as Cynthia.

"Cynthia has been with me now for two weeks," said Mr. Fultonby, "so we have become quite good friends." Valerie, blinking, thought that she could certainly believe that.

Cynthia at least seemed nice and friendly. Helping Valerie get her things out of the car and with Mr. Fultonby safely out of earshot she said laughingly, "I don't suppose *you've* got any knickers on!"

Valerie did not answer but made a wry and rather unhappy face at

this unwelcome reminder of recent events. Cynthia gave another bubbly laugh and evidently did not need confirmation from Valerie as to the state of play regarding knickers. "Don't worry. Mr. Fultonby *always* gets a girl's knickers off pretty quick. He says it's good for discipline. What he really means is it's easier to get his hands on everything you've got. It can be a bit of a shock at first, of course."

Valerie's thoughts slid back to that friendly greeting between Cynthia and Mr. Fultonby. It seemed clear that Cynthia did not have knickers on either. And had Mr. Fultonby had his hand on "everything a girl's got"? She gulped. With a little shiver she followed Cynthia into the house.

It was quite a big house but it seemed that Mr. Fultonby was the only permanent resident. "Apart from girls staying" laughed Cynthia. She was the only one at present, another girl, Mary, having left two days ago. And of course there was now Valerie. "I'm glad you've come," Cynthia said. "I mean Mr. Fultonby can get to be a bit much for only one girl to handle." Whatever did that mean? Cynthia rolled her eyes and said expressively, "Oh, *you* know!"

Valerie didn't. Any guesses did not bear thinking about.

Mr. Fultonby had a housekeeper, Mrs. Douglas, to cook for him and everything. And there was also a gardener, Mr. Miggins. They didn't live in but both came daily from the village, Lower Grindleham, which was just a mile away. "Watch out for old Miggins," said Cynthia. "He'll *do* things if he gets the chance. And he knows Mr. Fultonby needs him because he couldn't get another gardener so he knows he can take liberties."

What sort of liberties? "Oh you know, fiddling about; and he'll smack your bum too although he's not s'posed to. I mean you don't want that from a common working-class man, do you Valerie?"

Valerie agreed she didn't. She didn't want it from Mr. Fultonby either. She and Cynthia had been putting her things in her room which was nice and bright with a nice big double bed. Cynthia, she had seen, in the room next door, also had a double bed. At home Valerie had a single bed which naturally was quite sufficient for a girl by herself. Mummy and Daddy in the next room at home had a double bed and Valerie knew why

skirt remained well up round her waist all round. A yelp, and ineffectual struggles, as Henry's right hand came down to clasp one slim and silkily bare buttock.

The hand stroked and squeezed... and then started smacking down. Sharp crisp smacks to the delightfully firm and resilient rump. Valerie gasped and yelped and struggled but Henry's other arm was firmly round her upper person so the struggling could only amount to anything in her nether regions. There, long slim black-stockinged legs wriggled and kicked, and prettily bare buttocks twisted and clenched. Unmoved by all this Henry smacked on, covering and recovering the springy nude flesh until it was a uniform bright pink.

At last he stopped – but only to have a rest and to pull Valerie's knickers on down. Down those long black-stockings and off over the sensible brown shoes. Henry resumed his efforts. No longer encumbered by the lowered knickers the slim legs were now able to flail freely. In the process they were also able to open innocently but immodestly wide. Henry Fultonby, concentrating now on smacking those creamy soft thighs, had a marvellous full view of what he





**NO MORE..**



that was. Mummy was still a very attractive woman and she knew Daddy still wanted to do *it* to her. You could sometimes hear Mummy's bed creaking in a very rhythmic way when that was happening.

There had been one horrid occasion, earlier in the year, when there had been some bed creaking from the other side of the wall when Daddy had been *away*. When also there had been a certain visitor to the house. A man, younger than Mummy, who Mummy said was Mr. Smith. Anyway he had stayed the night, supposedly in the spare room but then later on Valerie heard that very distinct sound which had made her feel really sick. She couldn't really believe Mummy would let that Mr. Smith do *it* to her in her's and Daddy's bed. But Mummy *had* said not to bother to tell Daddy that Mr. Smith had stayed – he was a friend of her friend Mrs. Carrington and she was just obliging by putting him up. Mummy had given Valerie an extra £1 with her pocket money that week.

Valerie certainly didn't want to think about any of that but was reminded by the fact that she was now to have a double bed of her own. She sat on it and it seemed



nice: not too soft and not too hard. Like the Little Bear's bed. Then she thought again of Mr. Fultonby... and the apparently awful Mr. Miggins. She went to the dressing table and took out her writing paper and fountain pen.

"Dear Mummy," she wrote, "It is very nice here and there is another nice girl but I think I should like to come home early. As soon as possible. I promise I'll be very good and make my bed and not get under your feet etc. I'd really like to come home *right away*."

She sealed it up and addressed it to Mrs. Hartnall because Daddy was away on business for three weeks, then put it in her blazer pocket. She would phone except obviously you couldn't phone such a sensitive message from Mr. Fultonby's house. Cynthia said it would probably be all right for them to go to the post box but they'd better check with Mr. Fultonby first. He said yes but they must be quick as it would soon be supper time. "Oh we will, Mr. Fultonby," said Cynthia coyly rolling her eyes. Henry Fultonby squeezed her bottom, and then squeezed Valerie's. And then he said they'd better put some knickers on. Cynthia said "Of course."

There were two bikes in the garage which they took. Cynthia said you were always supposed to wear knickers when you went out. Mr. Fultonby wouldn't want people to think he had a disreputable house with girls there not wearing knickers. "Especially if you're going on a bike," she said. "I mean men always look up a girl's skirt when she's on a bike, trying to see her knickers or of course even better if she hasn't got any on."

Valerie didn't think that *all* men did that but she knew what Cynthia meant. The post box was about half a mile and when they'd posted the letter Cynthia said they could sit down for five minutes and have a chat. She said, "If you like I can tell you what to expect. From Mr. Henry Fultonby I mean."

It did not seem too good. "You'll get a couple of pretty good canings in the first day or so. That's in the interests of discipline, of course. After that if you're a nice cooperative girl things will be a whole lot easier. On the other hand if you're not nice and cooperative you can go on getting quite nasty canings until you are."

Cynthia gave a sweet smile. "Actually I would have been cooperative *without* the canings. I

mean I *like* older men, especially if it's a proper gentleman like Mr. Fultonby. But I suppose he felt he had to make sure. So I got the canings anyway. *Cripes*, he can really sting your bum with that cane!"

Valerie heard all this with a sort of numb feeling in her stomach. *The cane!* Getting your bottom smacked was awful but *the cane!* It didn't bear thinking about. And being cooperative: what did that mean? She didn't ask but thought again of Mr. Fultonby greeting Cynthia. Cynthia said they'd better gat back.

They had supper, a pie, quite good, prepared by the redoubtable Mrs. Douglas. Mr. Fultonby asked if the girls would like some wine. Cynthia did but Valerie said no thank-you. A smiling Mr. Fultonby said, "It's very relaxing, you know. And a girl's got to learn to relax, hasn't she?" Then after supper he said that as Valerie had had a tiring day he thought a bath and early to bed would be in order. "A nice relaxing bath," he said. Mr. Fultonby seemed very keen on a girl relaxing.

Valerie was in the bath and *was* feeling quite relaxed in the nice warm soapy water with bath salts and all, when suddenly Mr. Fultonby came in. There was no lock on the bathroom door and he just opened it and came in. Valerie stopped being relaxed *immediately* and went very pink in the face while two hands shot up to cover those two pretty medium-sized breasts.

Mr. Fultonby with a friendly look on his face sat on the side of the bath. "No need to be shy, now Valerie, is there?" And his hand firmly removed Valerie's hands from her bare front. The pert young breasts were revealed, slippery wet and with deep pink nipples sticking cheekily out as a result of their recent soaping. "Very lovely," observed Henry Fultonby. "You certainly don't want a bra for those, my girl."

His hand reached out and tweaked a nipple between finger and thumb. Valerie emitted a squeak. "No, my dear. Such lovely things need to be free, not imprisoned."

Valerie forced herself to keep still. His hand on her bare breasts and nipples was awful, simply awful. But also it was undoubtedly arousing.

What was also awful but arousing occurred shortly after when, at Mr. Fultonby's behest, Valerie





stepped dripping out of the bath, to be enveloped by that gentleman in a large fluffy white towel. Mr. Fultonby proceeded to dry her, very thoroughly, the towel busily reaching into *every* nook and cranny. Sometimes it wasn't actually the towel but Mr. Fultonby's hand instead. Right up between her legs for instance. Very knowing probing fingers... One particular knowing finger went unashamedly in, like a burrowing ferret...

When at last she was permitted to put on her pyjamas poor Valerie was really sweating – and all that relaxing effect of the bath had unfortunately been largely lost.

On shaky legs Valerie went to her bedroom – with Mr. Fultonby's hand at her bottom giving her a friendly start on her way. She closed her bedroom door – and for the first time noticed that like the bathroom there was no lock. She got into bed. Gazing up at the



shadowy ceiling Valerie thought of her letter hopefully speeding its way to her nice familiar home. With any luck she might not have to spend more than two days with Mr. Fultonby and his awful hands and fingers.

Her mind drifted. She wasn't sure if she dozed off or not but at some time later she became aware that she *was* awake and there were noises. From Cynthia's room? The tinkling sound of Cynthia's laughter, then silence. And then a sound which she had heard before at home. The rhythmic creaking of bed springs! It *couldn't* be! But on the other hand what *else* would make that very recognisable sound?

Valerie put her head under the clothes. She thought of home. Somehow her thoughts went to that other horrid bed-creaking, when Daddy had been away. Mr. Smith. Then she felt a sudden cold shiver. Daddy was away at the moment for three weeks. What if Mummy hadn't only sent her here because she didn't make her bed, etc. What if that awful Mr. Smith was visiting? At this very moment, perhaps, was doing *it* to Mummy? If that was the case Valerie would not be leaving in two days; she would be here for two weeks.. or three...



Valerie couldn't really believe any of this, it was too awful. She *didn't* believe it. But she nonetheless found she was crying; big salty tears which were making the pillow all wet.

\* \* \*

In the morning Valerie decided it had all been a bad dream. Mr. Smith was not at her home doing *it* to Mummy and she also hadn't heard sound of anyone doing *it* next door in Cynthia's room. Cynthia in fact looked very bright and perky at breakfast; she must have had a good night's sleep, Valerie decided. After breakfast Cynthia confided that she had to help Mr. Miggins in the garden. She made a face, then added, "Still I s'pose I'd rather not be you. I 'spect you'll be getting a rather sore bum."

It was indeed Henry Fultonby's plan to give Valerie a rather sore bum first thing that morning. She was a truly delightful creature but very jumpy at the moment. She needed settling down, breaking in, in fact, so that she came to realise that the attentions of an older sophisticated male were one of life's pleasures for a young girl. The best thing to get her in the right frame of mind for this was a nice sharp shock. A good sharp caning, in fact, one that really stung that young and tender flesh. Once she'd had that – and maybe a couple more like it – the breaking-in process would be well underway.

Henry took his young protegee into his study, telling Mrs. Douglas, who had just arrived,

that he didn't want to be disturbed. "I quite understand, Sir," replied that lady, licking her lips at the prospect of what she knew this pretty young person was about to receive. "You just be a good girl now, young Valerie."

Valerie was looking truly delightful this morning in a pink-flowered summery frock. Following what had been said she had with great trepidation left off her bra. Henry's hands had quickly ascertained this fact. It was a good sign, a sign of cooperation. She was, however, he also quickly discovered, wearing knickers when he had made it reasonably clear that in the confines of his house they were not necessary. He took them off; they were pink ones. Her long legs were delightfully bare today – although of course those black stockings and the suspender belt *were* very stimulating.

Henry settled himself in his favourite armchair and sat Valerie firmly on his lap. With one arm round her and the other hand caressing a silky bare thigh he proceeded to deliver his little lecture. On discipline. More or less what she'd got yesterday afternoon only a bit more elaborated in parts. With the intoxicating scent of her corn-coloured hair in his nostrils and the softly yielding weight







of her thinly-clad body pressed against him, Henry could have gone on and on. But action was called for – and besides his very erect organ was getting a little crushed beneath her soft but by no means weightless bottom.

He pushed Valerie to her feet and got up himself. His desk was already cleared for action. When starting with a new girl Henry frequently liked to use his special position. It had an extra shock value for the recipient. "Up on the desk, my dear," he instructed. "Lie on your back and lift your legs up."

Valerie couldn't believe this, it must be another of those bad dreams. But in the bad dream she allowed herself to be helped up onto Mr. Fultonby's nice polished desk, then lay down on her back with a little cushion under her shoulders. Her legs were being lifted up and she was being told to grip underneath her knees. And then to keep nice and still. She was vaguely aware that in this dream, in this position, she was blatantly revealing all she'd got!

Then the cane came down, with a sickening CRA..ACK! And quite clearly it was not just a bad dream after all.

When he had finished caning her – eight good crisp thwacks to her bottom and upper thighs – Henry helped the sobbing girl off the desk and took her over his lap again. This time in the reversed position, i.e. face-down with brightly striped bottom nicely raised. Gently he applied some soothing cold cream. This of course was a key part of the breaking-in process. The sooth-

ing sympathetic hand softly caressing.. gradually relaxing.. And when she was somewhat relaxed becoming gently but firmly intrusive.

Meanwhile outside Cynthia was quite enjoying herself teasing Mr. Miggins. They were in the potting shed supposedly cleaning out pots. In fact Cynthia was sitting on the potting bench, one leg dangling free and the other with her foot up on the bench. Her raised knee disclosed an absence of knickers and also disclosed what lay at the very apex of her parted thighs. Namely a fuzzy-haired split peach, a part of Cynthia's anatomy which had seen quite extensive and very pleasant action during the past night. Opposite Cynthia, sitting on his chair, was Mr. Miggins, two flower pots in his hands but ignored as he gazed open-mouthed at this stirring sight.

Cynthia gave a tinkly laugh. "You know you really *are* a dirty old man, Mr. Miggins." She opened her legs a little wider to improve the view. "If I didn't have Mr. Fultonby to protect me I don't know *what* you'd do to me!"

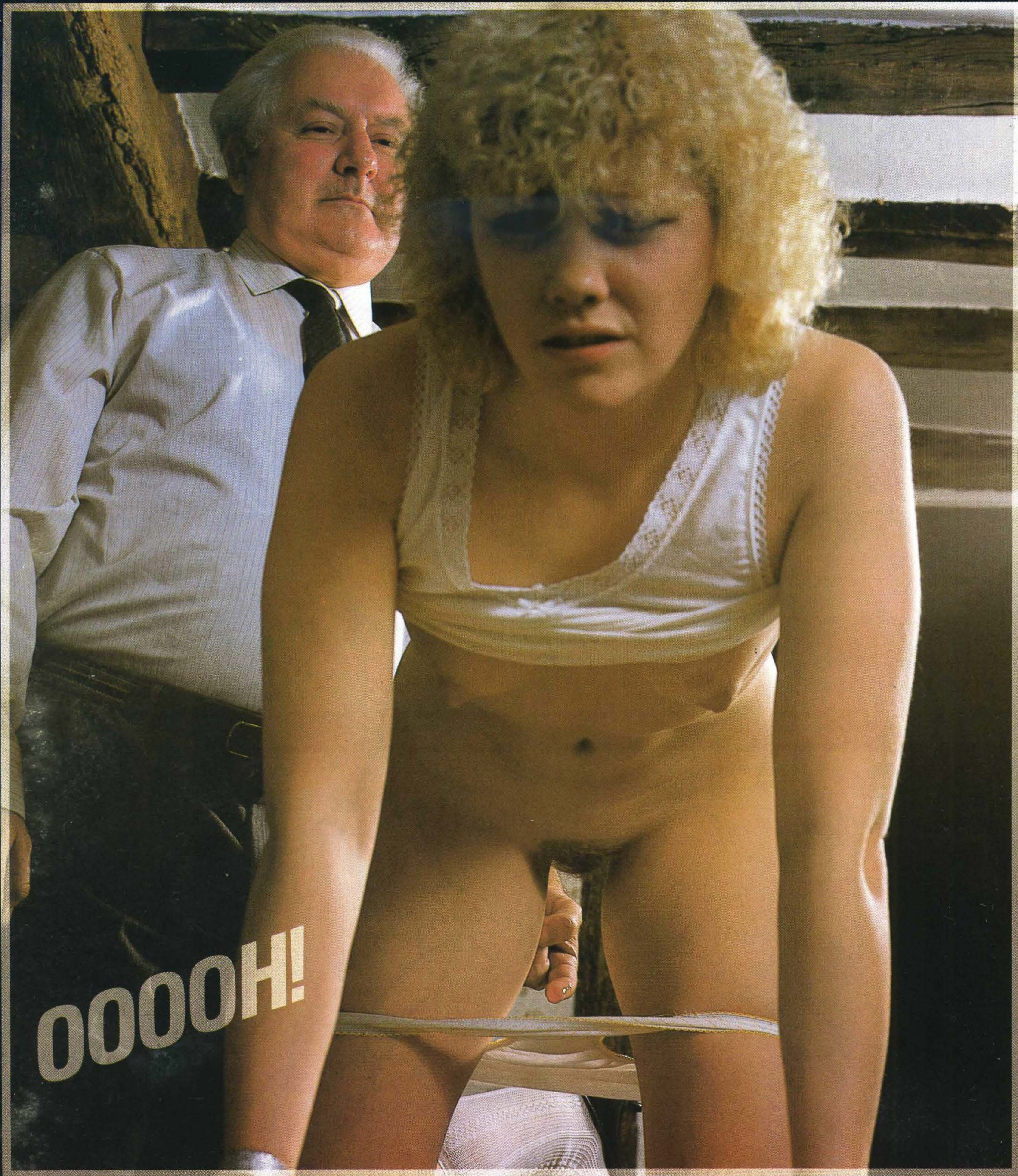
Meanwhile, also, such was the excellence of the British postal service that Valerie's letter, posted yesterday afternoon, had already



been delivered to her home. It was, however, lying in the hallway, unopened, and the chances were that it would remain in this position and in this state for a little while yet. For Mummy, Mrs. Elizabeth Hartnall, was not at home. A letter was at this moment on its way to Valerie explaining that Mummy had gone to stay with her friend Mrs. Carrington for a few days. The Carringtons were not on the phone but Valerie could write. She







hoped Valerie was having a lovely time.

In fact at this moment Mrs. Elizabeth Hartnell was not at her friend Julia Carrington's but was in an hotel in Eastbourne. Still in bed, and protesting, but only mildly, at what her companion, male, was doing and was clearly about to do.

"Charles! *Again?* You'll wear me out!"

Charles, on top of Mummy at

this moment, would have been recognisable to Valerie, if she could see his face, as 'Mr. Smith'.

As Charles commenced, with long smooth strokes, to do what he *had* already done several times to Mummy during the previous night he inquired about Valerie. How long was she staying at that place?

Elizabeth Hartnell gave a sensuous groan. "Oh... I don't know, Charles... *Ooohh!* She.. she can stay all summer..."



Although the railway line has since been closed, it was not more than a few years ago that it regularly carried large numbers of holiday customers to a resort on the Somerset coast. So many arrived each Saturday, indeed, that the normal three coach diesel-multiple-units were replaced by full-length diesel-hauled trains which travelled direct from London, rather than forcing thousands of holidaymakers to cram into a local shuttle service when they arrived at the nearest main-line station. These holiday specials ran even arily through the summer months, and the locals despised them even though they brought valuable income to the area in the form of tourists.

Two local girls, in particular, who travelled almost daily on the line either to school or to the riding stables where the older girl had her horse, were always making disparaging remarks about "grockles" dirtying "their" train and cramming out the carriages with wailing babies. These comments were invariably made in earshot of the very people they were talking about.

Beverley was just sixteen and was discovering the delights of being chased by a number of local boys who wanted to take her out. But Beverley had always thought of herself as part of the "country set" - which perhaps she was in a way, as her parents owned large tracts of land - and as such she tended to sneer at the local boys' attentions and play them along just for the fun of it.

She was an attractive girl, not overly pretty, but with a good figure including impressive breasts and a face which had been described as cute, framed by a neat page-boy hairstyle. Her friend Alison was a month or two younger, and had known Beverley since they were tots. They regularly travelled on the train to the stables where Alison would borrow a horse to ride with her friend out on the open hills. Alison was not plump, merely a little chubby, which lent particular

emphasis to her bottom which she regarded as her worst feature and attempted to cover with long pullovers.

Both girls were in the habit of occasionally riding free on the train, particularly on the holiday specials from London which were always crowded and required a major effort from the guard to travel down the carriages checking tickets. Most just didn't bother once the train was on the branch line.

However, Beverly and Alison had not banked on coming up against Guard Wilson.

Derek Wilson had been with the railway since he was a teenager. In the past, he'd been a driver on steam locomotives, but had opted for guard prior to retirement. He enjoyed the long run to the West Country, and the happy atmosphere aboard the holiday specials. In fact, on this particular Saturday, it hadn't been an altogether smooth trip; signal failures had delayed their journey, and the passengers were grumpy and aggressive. Mr Wilson was not in the best of moods.

As the train drew into the girls' local station, the last carriages not even reaching the platform as it was too short, the guard leaned out of his window to see two teenagers - Beverly in her summer T-shirt, jodpurs and boots, Alison in pullover, carrying a duffle bag - board the train at the front carriage. Wilson waved his flag, and the train moved off. It was only six minutes to the next station, and Wilson decided to postpone collecting the girls' tickets until the train had reached there and taken on more locals.

As the diesel roared off up the incline after halting briefly to take on three old folks on a shopping expedition, Guard Wilson moved off up the train, stopping to check the passes of the new passengers. However, his brow furrowed as he reached the front carriage of the train and still hadn't come across the two girls who had boarded two stops back. He retraced his steps



all the way to his van at the rear of the train, but there was still no sign.

"The little buggers must be taking me for a fool" he thought, "But I think we'll do another check to include the *loos* this time."

The first two toilets were occupied by holidaymakers who were none too pleased at being disturbed. Wilson smoothed ruffled feathers diplomatically before moving to the front carriage toilet—which was engaged.

Wilson waited patiently outside, until he heard a high giggle come from the compartment and whispered voices followed by a suppressed peal of laughter. He had found the little blighters!

He didn't have long to wait, for a couple of minutes later Beverly gingerly eased the door open with a whispered:

"It's OK, he must have gone back to his van by now, Ali."

"I'm afraid *he* hasn't, young miss, so perhaps you'd let me see your tickets, please," responded the guard.

Beverly let out a squeak of surprise and tumbled out into the corridor followed by Alison clutching her bag.

"Sorry, didn't realise you were waiting for us," Beverly blurted in her best plummy voice.

"Caught short, were you, two in the toilet at the same time?" asked Wilson quizzically.

"No, no just freshening up ....sir," she added after a pause.

"Tickets please."

"Sorry, we couldn't get them as we were almost late for the train."

"Well, that's all right, just tell me where you're travelling to and I can issue them here and now. Returns is it?"

"Er, yes," replied Beverly.

"But we don't have any money, Bev," whispered Alison.

"Ah, no money, eh? Well, you can give me your names and addresses, or I'm afraid you'll have to get off at the next stop."

"Names and addresses? What for?" asked Alison.

"So that we can send a bill to your parents for the fare," answered the guard.

"Well, I suppose... Mine's Beverly Williams, Manor House, Strepsall, and she's...."

"Alison Miller, The Lodge, High Street, Strepsall," Alison finished in a rush.

"I see. I see." The guard's memory was jogged by a conversation with a colleague who had men-

tioned two teenagers travelling with no tickets on the branch line a couple of weeks ago on a holiday special. He was sure their names were Williams and Miller. "Have you ever attempted to travel without a ticket before, either of you girls?" asked the guard.

"Oh, no sir," replied Beverley, swiftly.

"Then how is it that a colleague of mine mentioned your names at London a week or so ago. It seems you're in the habit of trying to get away without paying the fare on these Saturday trains. Is that it?" he glared at Alison.

"Oh, come on Bev, we might as well admit it: he knows our names and things."

"Shut up, Ali, you don't have to say anything," hissed Beverly.

"Quite right, Miss Williams, but I'm afraid that this time I shall have to report you for failing to purchase a valid ticket and for travelling with the intention of defrauding the railway of the fare for your journey. Could you tell me how old you are, please?"

"Well, I'm sixteen," said Alison.

A pause, then Beverly added, "And I'm sixteen. Look, sir, couldn't we talk about this and I'll arrange to pay the fare on the return journey or something?"

The plummy accent was irritating Derek Wilson. He'd had enough of the two girls who were obviously unconcerned with the fact that they were travelling dishonestly. In particular, Beverley, thrusting her admittedly generous tits at him through the thin T shirt, was getting right up his nose:

"Frankly, you both deserve to have your backsides tanned, and I hope your fathers do it for you when the summons for your court appearance comes through."

"Court?" quavered Beverly, "You never mentioned court before."

"That's what will happen when I report this. You will receive a summons to appear before the juvenile court, as you're both under eighteen. You'd better come back to my van now, as we're coming up to the next station," Wilson concluded glancing out of the window.

He turned and allowed the girls to lead off down the corridor to the rear of the train, Alison in the lead. His eyes fell to the jutting rear, clad in skin-tight jodphurs, of the sixteen-year-old plum-in-the-mouth Beverly. She would certainly benefit from a good thrashing, he thought to himself, and I might

quite enjoy being there when her father doled it out. Cheeky little minx.

Finally the little file reached the guard's van at the back of the train. It was a separate carriage as there was a fair amount of parcels traffic which warranted the space. The guard unlocked the connecting door, they passed through, and he locked it again behind them.

The girls were whispering to each other as the train pulled into the next station. While Wilson leaned out to check the platform, Alison hissed:

"You got me into this, Bev. I knew we'd get trouble sooner or later. And not bringing any money either. It's bloody stupid."

"Oh stop wingeing. It's too late now. I don't know about you, but father will go berserk when he finds out about this. The publicity will be really embarrassing with the local election coming up. He's always telling mother not to be controversial or do anything to attract attention. I think that bloody guard could be right when he talked about backsides being tanned. It'll be a red arse day at the Manor House when those court papers arrive, and the arse will be mine." Beverly leaned against the wall of the carriage.

"You don't mean he'll whack your bum, Bev, surely?" asked Alison anxiously.

"Don't you believe it," she replied. "He's done it before, hasn't he."

"Well, if you're going to get it anyway, why don't you tell the guard you'll take a whacking if he'll forget about reporting you?"

"What, let that old sod beat me?... Actually, he probably wouldn't do it as hard as father, but do you think he'd do it?" Beverly asked.

"Well, he was the one who mentioned 'tannings' or whatever it was in the first place. Look, I'll do it if you will. Together in adversity, and besides it'll get it over with quick instead of all that awful hanging about. Whaddya think, Bev?"

"OK, you're on. Who asks him?"

"You do, of course," replied Alison, "you're the senior girl!"

Guard Wilson waved his flag again and the train rumbled off down the line. He slammed the door and turned to face the girls:

"Well, you'd better let me have some more details for my report, girls, then you can get off at the



next stop."

"Look, sir, we've been thinking," began Beverley.

"Bit late for that, isn't it?" responded Wilson. "Should have thought before you tried to commit an offence."

"I know, and that's what we've been talking about. We realise we've done wrong and that we deserve to be punished..." continued Beverley.

"Well, the juvenile court will decide what to do with you, but a hefty fine wouldn't be a surprise. Except for your dad, of course."

The stupid man wasn't getting her drift at all, Beverley thought: "We both agree we deserve to be punished *severely* for what we've done, and we wondered if perhaps it would be easier, you know, if...." her voice trailed off.

"If we bent over and took a tanning right here, sir," finished Alison in a breathless rush. Beverley looked in surprise at her friend. Well there was nothing like putting your cards on the table.

"What you're suggesting is that I administer a punishment instead of going through the normal process, is that it? Sort of magistrate and executioner. And a sore backside at the end of it?" asked Wilson.

"Well, *yes*, actually, sir." agreed Beverley.

"I see. Well, that's a turn up I must say. Two youngsters volunteering to take a beating when they deserve it. Very creditable, very creditable. But most irregular." Wilson rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Of course, we won't breathe a word about it, sir," added Beverley.

"I should think not. Well, well, well." The traditional firm-handed father within the guard competed with the professional approach he took to his job, which would never countenance the risk of administering corporal punishment to teenage girls. He'd taken the strap to his Sally and David a number of times when they'd deserved it, but they'd long since grown up. Perhaps this was one of those times when a free hand was called for. Besides, he thought, the older girl had a backside ripe for chastisement. "Of course, you'll have to sign a statement saying you agree to be punished. We don't want any misunderstandings, do we?"

"Of course not, sir," nodded Beverley and Alison in unison.

Wilson scribbled a swift note on

a sheet of official form paper and the girls signed it after Beverley had read it quickly through. No sign of what punishment they were to have, she thought briefly.

"Right, when we leave the next station I'll attend to you two. In the meantime, just go into the parcels van and sort out a good pile you can bend over one at a time. Right?"

"Right, sir," they chorused, and disappeared into the cage where the parcels were strewn all over the floor. It didn't take long for them to build a suitable height of large packages on top of a school trunk, and their thoughts turned to *how* they would be punished:

"You don't think he's got a cane, do you, Bev?" Alison asked anxiously.

"Course not, you twit. Probably just use his hand, or maybe one of your plimsolls."

The train was moving again by this time, and Wilson entered the parcels cage to check the heap of packages. Glancing down, he saw the handle of a riding crop sticking out of Alison's duffle bag:

"I'll save that for the Williams girl, I think. The other lass's slipper will do nicely for her," he thought.

"Right" he said, "Miss Williams, will you wait in my compartment, please, while I deal with your young friend first. Miss Miller, take off one of your gym slippers, please, and lift your pullover right up out of the way."

Beverley nodded at Alison; so it *was* going to be the plimsoll. Well, better than her father's cane. She walked out of the cage and down the corridor to the guard's compartment, the voice of the guard egging Alison on:

"Tuck it up girl, there's no good if it keeps falling down." Alison folded the heavy pullover up as high as she dared bearing in mind she was not wearing a bra and she was still facing the guard, now with slipper in hand ready for action. However, the heavy wool defied attempts to keep it in place, and with another few words of impatient encouragement from Wilson she was forced to lift it above her breasts for them to act as twin buffers to stop the pullover's downward journey to cover her bottom. The pert young breasts peeked cheekily out from under the pullover, quivering as Alison made final adjustments to provide Wilson with a tantalising glimpse of her burgeoning womanhood.

"Sorry sir, I haven't got a bra on

today," she apologised.

"So I can see, young lady. Turn round, please, and stand in front of those parcels."

As she turned, Wilson's eyes took in the teenage bottom about which Alison was so self-conscious. Ample was the word which came to mind. Two proud mounds of flesh superbly rounded in their proportions, barely contained by the brief denim shorts Alison had chosen to wear. There was a thick crease of bare flesh below the shorts where part of each buttock had escaped the confines of the fabric in favour of fresh air. "Good Lord," thought Wilson, "padded to perfection. Let's see if the view's improved with those shorts down."

"Right, young lady, you're not too old to take your shorts down for a good spanking, so let's get on with it," he barked.

"Shorts, sir?"

"Yes, down, please. I haven't all day."

Alison unsnapped the stud at the waist, unzipped the front and tugged the shorts over the twin orbs of flesh to drop down to her ankles. Her pale blue knickers were almost able to cover her buttocks, but the lower crease had escaped these too. There was an awkward pause.

"Come along, girl," Wilson snapped, meaning that she should bend over ready to be slipped. To his astonishment Alison hooked her fingers into the waistband of her knickers and hitched them down to join her shorts round her ankles. This little misunderstanding was all to Wilson's benefit, as the girl was now naked from just below her neck to her ankles, and her chubby buttocks all the more impressive in their bareness.

"Bend over, and hold the rail on the wall."

Alison shuffled closer to the parcels and bent over, reaching for the bar. The fleshy cheeks relaxed, and Wilson stepped up and raised the slipper in a practice arc, tapping the pale flesh of the girl's right buttock so that it jiggled at his touch. With a target area this well-padded, the job would be a pleasure: "Six of the best, young lady. And try not to jump about. It'll sting enough as it is."

"Just get it over with, *please*, sir." was the anxious response. Anxious particularly as she had never been spanked before, let alone on her bare bottom.

The slipper arrived with a loud



report, a satisfying wobble of the girl's right cheek and a loud "Ouch" from the recipient. The next two, also on the right cheek, were harder and elicited high-pitched yelps accompanied by a rosy glow to contrast with the still-white left buttock.

Switching his attention to the other side, Wilson brought the plimsoll down in a terrific swing which landed with an explosive "Splllaattt" on the bare rump whose flesh heaved to accommodate the blow before settling back into its rounded elastic shape. The final two spanks were aimed at the fleshiest lower part of the left buttock, and were rewarded with spectacular yelps and a deeper rosy glow than had been achieved on the right side. "Up you get lass, and arrange yourself." Alison leaped to her feet, frantically rubbing both buttocks, which wobbled up and down furiously as they were pummeled by her soothing palms in an effort to lessen the smarting pain. Beverly, meanwhile, had been listening anxiously to the proceedings, which had been a good deal more dramatic than she had anticipated. It sounded as if Ali was really catching it out there. At least it would all be over soon.

Alison bent, pulled up knickers and shorts in two swift movements, finally pulling her sweater down over her throbbing bottom.

"Tell Miss Williams to come in will you?"

"Yes sir."

Beverley needed no bidding as Alison shot into the guard's compartment, tearful and gripping her backside as if it were about to fall off: "Was it bad, Ali?"

"The worst. He wants you now. And it's bare bum, too..." advised Alison as Beverly left.

"Bare? Christ!" Alison mouthed to herself.

As she turned into the parcels cage, her eyes were caught by the riding crop which Wilson was tapping against his palm. Her nipples hardened in anticipation of what was to come. Wilson, looking at the sixteen-year-old's well developed chest, noticed this development and, throwing caution to the winds told her to lift her T-shirt right up out of the way in anticipation of an even more impressive display of firm teenage breasts. Unfortunately, Beverly was wearing a bra, albeit a skimpy undercut semi-transparent one which struggled to contain their charges as she

lifted her T-shirt and rolled it up to rest defiantly on the very apex of her chest.

"Right, Miss, over to the boxes and jodphurs down, if you please."

Beverley, having heard from Alison that she'd been punished with her backside unprotected, assumed that the same applied to her and rolled jodphurs and knickers down to her knees as her hips swayed provocatively from side to side. Wilson's surprise was as great as when Alison had dropped her panties, but he wasn't about to protest if they were willing to bare all in the cause of discipline.

Beverley stood straight, hands by side, waiting the command to bend over. The guard surveyed the now bare defiantly jutting backside, the flesh rolling slightly as Beverly adjusted her position to cope with the movement of the train, each cheek clenching momentarily then relaxing.

Her narrow waist was enhanced by the flare of her hips, the twin dimples at the small of her back leading down to the dark embrace which was the crease between her buttocks, the flesh pale except for the diagonal bikini lines across the cheeks where her knickers had left their mark, matched almost exactly by her golden tan which joined bottom to thighs, dusted with fine golden down. This was one peach-shaped fruit which might end up a little bruised on the journey.

"Bend over the boxes and grip the rail on the wall," came the order. The girl bent and obeyed, holding the bar with a grip which whitened her knuckles. She shuffled her feet a little apart to keep her balance as the train rocked across points, spreading them still further as she was still rolling from side to side. This improved the view even more for Wilson, who delayed stepping to the girl's side to start the whipping.

Finally, he stood by her left hip and rested the riding crop, a piece of leather-wrapped cane with a folded-over piece of thick leather at the end, across the crown of the girl's backside.

"Your young friend took six with the plimsoll. As you're older, I propose you receive eight strokes. If you move while you are being punished, and the stroke is not given correctly, you will receive a further stroke. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." Beverly planted her feet another couple of inches apart,

determined to show this old fogey she could take a sound thrashing when the chips were down without whimpering like a kid.

The riding crop lifted up to the roof of the carriage, and as the train slowed to take a sharp corner, Beverly looked sideways out of a window where two girls about her age were riding alongside the track at a canter. And here she was, being beaten for her own stupidity.

The arrival of the first slashing stroke broke her dream, the sting building swiftly to a peak before the second and third strokes arrived, each a little below the other. With the knowledge that the next station was a mere minute or so away, the guard could not prolong the punishment. He concentrated on bringing the crop down in a fierce arc to connect briefly but effectively with the bare bottom presented to it before rising again for the next stroke.

Beverley's thighs tensed as the train swayed again, her buttocks momentarily concave as she clenched the muscles, relaxing in time to receive the fourth stroke. This brought a loud hiss from between clenched teeth. She would not permit herself to shout or yelp as Alison had done. Half way there...

The last four strokes were given at about three-second intervals, carefully placed so that the eighth stroke – the lowest – cut right across the base of both cheeks just above the crease with her thighs. The corrugations had already sprung up where the crop had done its work, but the impact of the final stroke drove a suppressed "Jeeesus" from between the lips of the defiant girl. She stayed in position until given the order to stand.

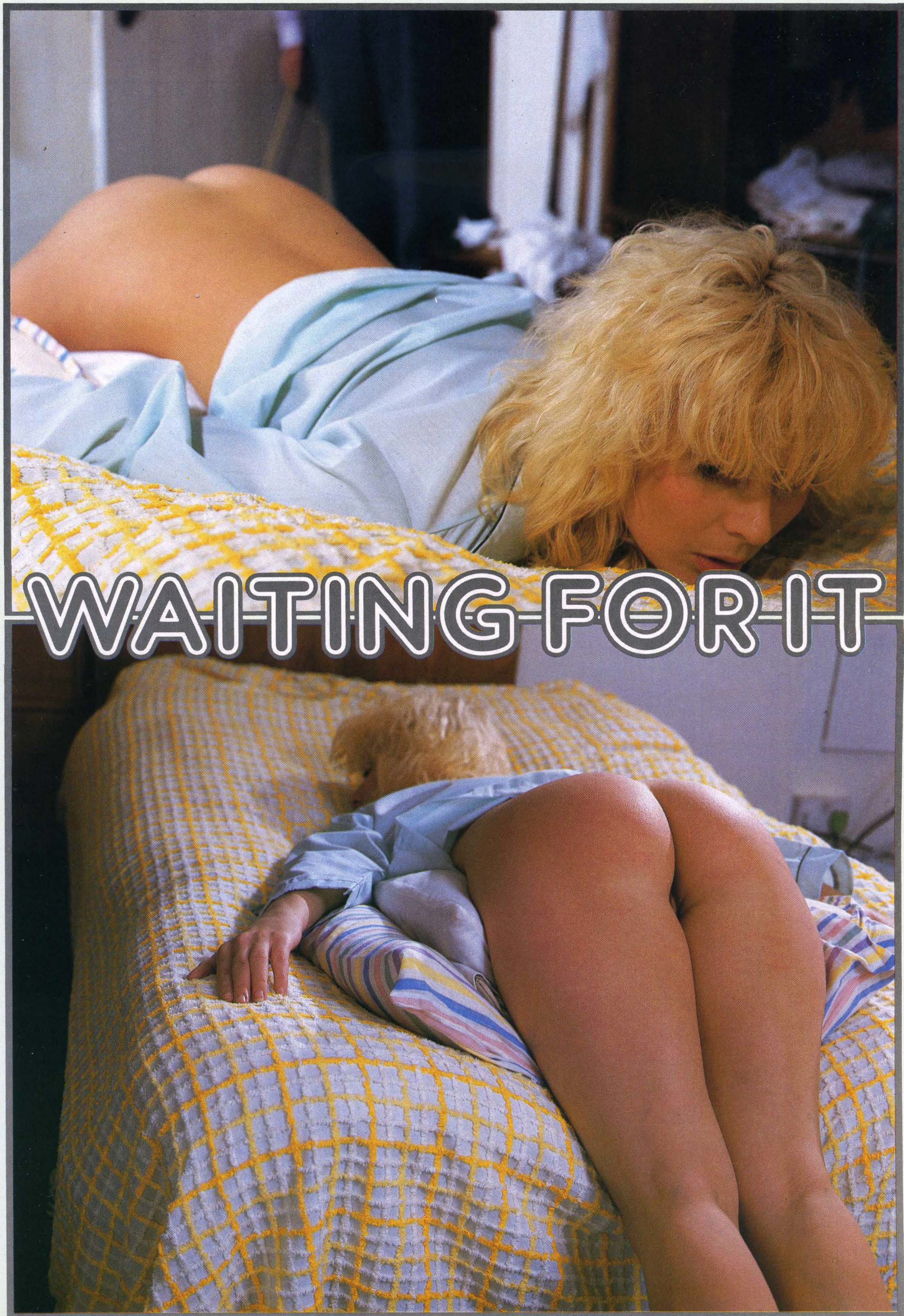
With her bottom full again, standing erect, Wilson was able to admire his handiwork with a satisfied half-smile before the girl bent to retrieve her knickers and jodphurs: "Thank you, sir. May I have my crop back?"

As the girls got off at the next stop, Guard Wilson watched them walk stiffly off down the platform, their backsides glowing – unknown to the other passengers who also saw them – underneath the protective covering of their clothes.

"I don't think I'll take Samson out today, Ali. Just give him a groom." Beverly mumbled with a wry smile.

"Good thinking, Bev, I'll give you a hand..."



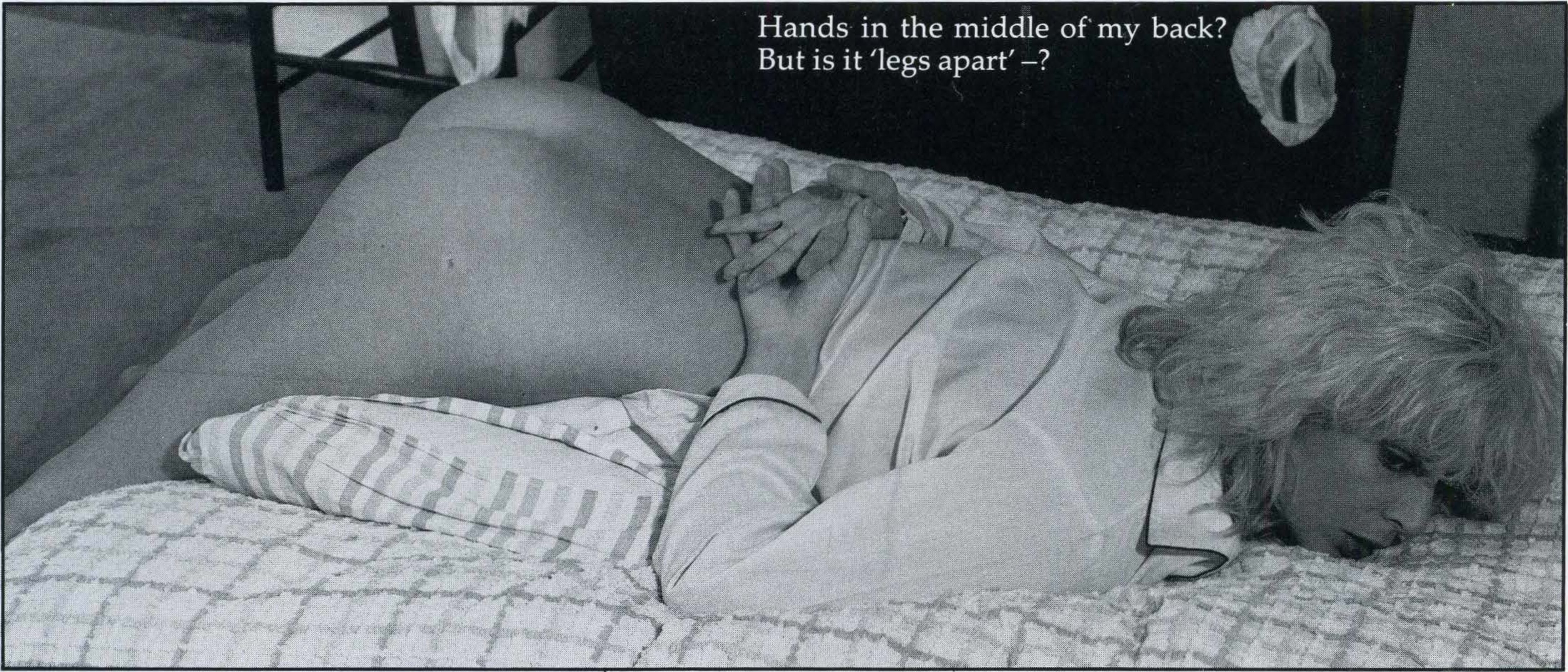






Always the worst part, waiting for  
it—





Hands in the middle of my back?  
But is it 'legs apart' -?



Oooo - I can hardly bear to put my  
legs apart!



Oh dear - am I too tight?





A couple of photos from the archives, dusted off and as fresh as ever –



Variety is the spice of life.

As the usherettes queued up to get their issue of programmes, Cecilia was last in line, nearly late as usual. Her friends described her as "dizzy". The front-of-house manager at the theatre where she worked in the evenings had warned her a couple of times about being "slapdash": late reporting for work, gossiping with her colleagues, and on two occasions being short on her programme money.

"But it's only twelve pence,"

"It's not the amount of money I'm worried about, Cecilia, it's the principle of not managing to get your sums right when you're giving change: you're slapdash, you know."

Roger, the manager, was fair to all the girls – most of them from the drama school not far from the theatre – and he preferred to use students as they were generally more reliable and even keen to do the work. They also didn't complain about the less-than-generous wages the theatre paid.

Cecilia's turn to take her programmes came, and Roger looked up as she signed for them:

"Let's try and get the change right tonight, Cecilia, OK?" he smiled.

"Oh come on, Roger, I've been dead right for two weeks now. You know I've been learning that awful part for 'The Duchess of Malfi'. There's only another week left before the show."

"OK, off you go."

The girls wore an artists smock over their ordinary clothes with a large pouch at the front for holding the change. This made for a cheap uniform and a practical method of selling programmes. Cecilia, as usual, was in a pair of her favourite corduroy jeans, which invariably attracted comments such as "Sprayed on, are they?" or "Do you have to lie down to get into them?" from teasing boyfriends who came to collect some girls when they finished work.

Cecilia's figure, indeed, was cause for comment. Her legs were not overlong, but rose to join a perfectly peach-shaped bottom which jutted provocatively under the snug corduroy, the faint lines of the girl's high cut knickers rising sharply from crotch to hip, running across, rather than under and round, each buttock. Out of all the usherettes – and they were a pretty bunch all in all, it was Cecilia who attracted most interest from admiring males. And yet she had no reg-



# USHERETTE'S REGRETS

ular boyfriend. Not from lack of offers, it has to be said, for there were regular attempts to form more permanent relationships from the more amorous male drama students.

Theatregoers never seem to arrive in good time for the performance, or they spend so long in the bar that they all end up in a head-long rush for their seats a couple of minutes before curtain-up.

Cecilia hated this time, for she always had trouble sorting out her change, particularly for those five and ten pound notes thrust into her hand for a fifty pence programme. Mental arithmetic was never her strongest point, but she struggled through. Becky, on the other side of the aisle, was always so cool and efficient, with her 'Yes madam' and 'Thank you, sir' and everything just so. "Smug little toad" thought Cecilia, I wish *her* change was short."

With her daydreaming and the pre-curtain rush, Cecilia didn't notice the ten pound note flutter to the floor as she handed over a sheaf of ones in change. Nor did she notice Becky scoop up the note and pop it into her own pouch without saying a word. This little oversight was to cost poor Cecilia a rather painful lesson at the end of the evening. A lesson she would rather have done without.

After curtain-up, the girls waited outside the auditorium doors for latecomers, with Becky showing them to their seats at a suitable break while Cecilia sold them programmes. After ten minutes, all but two of the girls went back to the programme room to sort out their money and returned programmes. Cecilia, as usual, was last.

Roger was sitting there totting up his returns book when Cecilia sidled in:

"Sorry, Roger, lot of latecomers upstairs." She turned to the counter and pulled all the money out of her pouch, stacking the coins in tidy piles and the notes in their different denominations.

"That's eight programmes back, and so that's forty two sold, right? So I should have £21 here."

"You're getting better," grinned Roger.

Cecilia counted her coins first,

and came up with a round £6. OK so far. As she counted the notes, the colour drained from her face as she realised she was not pence out, but *pounds*. Ten pounds, to be exact.

"Er, Roger, there's something not quite right here. I seem to be exactly ten pounds short. It must have been that big American bloke just before curtain-up. But I know I gave the right change: £9.50"

"Well, I don't see how you can be that amount short unless you dropped the £10 note: better get back to the circle and have a look on the floor."

"Yeah, yeah, right," mumbled Cecilia, trotting out of the door with as anxious a face as she could muster. "Oh Christ" she thought, "now there's going to be trouble. I'd better check with Becky first."

She went down to the usherettes room and asked Becky if she'd noticed her drop a £10 note, and if any of the other girls might have found it.

"No, sorry Cessi, I haven't seen it. You poor thing. Have you looked in the circle where you were standing?"

"No, but I'm on my way" replied Cecilia, not noticing the smirk which had spread across Becky's face as she exchanged glances with a couple of the other girls. There was a suppressed snigger as Cecilia left the room, for they were all in on Becky's little act of vengeance for when Cecilia had – albeit unwittingly – allowed herself to be taken out on the town by Becky's latest boyfriend. "Just deserts, Cessi; it'll be no evening job for you from now on, dear," she thought to herself.

Cecilia came back to the programme room subdued after an abortive trip to the circle. Of course, there was no sign of the money.

"Well, you've really done it this time, Cecilia," glowered Roger, 'I've told you about being slapdash in the past but this really takes the biscuit. I could ask you to repay the money by taking it out of your wages, but I don't suppose you can afford that can you?"

Cecilia shook her head.

"Well, I'll have to let you go, Cecilia. It's not as if you haven't had proper warnings. It's a pity

you couldn't shape up to devote all your attention to the job while you're here, instead of dreaming about whatever you dream about."

"You don't mean I'm *fired*, do you?" squeaked a little voice.

"Afraid so. And as you had a sub last week against your wages, I'll have to work it out and let you have the balance through Becky or one of the other girls. It won't be more than a couple of quid, I shouldn't think."

"Oh God, I don't believe it." A long pause. Roger said nothing. "Isn't there anything else you could do. Stop it from my wages next week, or something?"

"I don't think there's any point, do you, Cecilia. It's just one thing in a catalogue of slipups." Another pause.

"Look, I know I deserve to be punished, but couldn't you keep me on? I really need the money now, you see. Isn't there something else you could do?"

"You're a little old for a spanking, Cecilia, though I'm sure it would wake your ideas up. But there's no point," replied Roger with a small smile.

"A spanking?" Cecilia thought to herself. That wasn't what she'd had in mind. More a sexual favour in return for overlooking the tenner. But if a spanking was what it took, a spanking it would be.

"I'd be willing to take anything, Roger, just so long as I can stay working here. Really. Anything."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Have you ever been punished?"

"What, spanked or strapped or something?"

"That's it"

"No. But I guess there's a first time for everything," she chuckled nervously.

"All right, Cecilia. This is what I propose. After the show tonight you will report back here and I will give you a good hiding as the first part of your punishment. Bring that old wooden-backed clothes brush from the cloakroom with you. On Saturday night, after the second show, you will report here again, by which time I shall have a proper school cane to beat you with."

"A cane, Roger?" blurted the girl.

"Yes, and one other thing. I assume those corduroys come off at night."

"Well, of course" Cecilia replied, the dim light of realisation finally dawning.



"Good, because you will receive both the spanking and the caning *without* the benefit of their protection. In fact," he paused for effect, "without the benefit of any protection at all."

"What bare bum, you mean?" gasped Cecilia.

"Exactly. No less than you deserve. Then the slate's clean." Cecilia bit her lower lip. Roger was hoping she wasn't going to ask how many strokes of brush and cane she would receive. An open-ended arrangement was far better. The thought didn't occur to her.

"I agree."

"In that case, I'll see you here after the show. When I've locked up the front doors."

"Right. OK, Roger. With the brush..." Cecilia stepped out of the office more aware than before of how tightly the fabric of her cords clung to her backside. Which would offer no consolation in a little over two hours time.

Two hours which passed agonisingly slowly. She slipped over to the cloakroom with her bag and offered to relieve the bored girl behind the counter, who was eager to take advantage of an unscheduled break. Cecilia dropped the heavy wooden clothes brush into the bag. Half an hour later, she was in the circle selling icecreams, her mind in a whirl. Then back to the usherettes room where she was the object of sly glances and digs:

"Found that tenner, Cessi? Well, *somebody* must have picked it up."

At last the show was over, the audience left, and the other girls called their goodnights as Cecilia went into the loo to wait those awful minutes until she must make the journey up to the back of the upper circle to that little office which would shortly be ringing with the sound of bare teenage backside being smacked with polished mahogany.

As she climbed the stairs, she was aware of her heart thumping, a combination of fear and excitement, the adrenalin pounding through the veins in anticipation of what lay ahead.

She knocked on the door.

"Come in."

Turning the handle and pushing, Cecilia was face to face with Roger, now out of his evening suit and dressed casually in jeans and a pullover. She remembered that she had sometimes wondered what Roger would look like without the penguin suit. Now she knew. Quite trendy, really.

Cecilia reached into the bag and pulled out the brush, handing it over with an unnecessary:

"Here's the brush, Roger."

"Thanks. Let's get this over with, shall we? You'd better take those cords right off, and roll your shirt up well out of the way."

The teenage victim sat on a low stool and struggled to get her cowboy boots off before standing and unzipping the snigger-than-snug cords. Turning her back in an unnecessarily coy gesture, she swayed her hips from side to side as she eased the taut thighs and finally over her feet and onto the floor. She folded them carefully on the stool, then rolled her shirt, equally carefully, up off her buttocks, up her back, until it rested in a neat sausage just below her breasts. After hitching the tiny knickers around so that they covered as much as possible back and front, Cecilia turned to find Roger seated on a chair with the brush in his right hand.

"Over my knee."

She stood by his right shoulder and lowered herself, carefully, so carefully, over his knees until her long hair brushed the floor, her hands taking the weight with her toes touching the floor on the other side. Her weight was nicely balanced on his knees as he briskly hitched his fingers into the plain white knickers and with a "Lift up please" He flicked them easily off the fleshy rump as she lifted her hips clear of his knee. Roger pulled the flimsy material down her legs to mid thigh before raising the brush and bringing it down with a loud "Crack" on the exposed right cheek which wobbled to accommodate the impact before resuming its normal shape with a large oval mark in bright red where the brush had made contact.

Cecilia gasped, jerked, and gave a "Yowwwch": it had stung far more than she had imagined it would, the sting having a second burst which seemed greater in intensity shortly after the initial impact.

The brush descended noiselessly once again to join with the left buttock "Spplatt". A jerk and "OOOhhh" from Cecilia, and a spasm of muscular contractions from her bottom as she strove to keep still over Roger's knee.

"This spanking is better than I hoped," thought Roger. "Lovely backside, well padded without being chubby, and she's taking it superbly. And *bare*. I bet half the

cast of the show would give a week's wages to be where I am now. And it's only cost a tenner!"

Meanwhile, his right hand continued to rise and fall rhythmically with the large brush reddening every part of both the girl's buttocks, the pale flesh of her thighs in contrast to the brilliant hue of that other area.

After she had taken four or five good whacks on each cheek, Cecilia felt the pain lessen slightly as a sort of numbness set in. Not that it didn't still hurt. Because he wasn't letting up. A steady stream of "AAhhhs" and "Oowwws" came from Cecilia's lips as the spanking continued.

"Twenty two, twenty three, twenty four," whispered Roger to himself as he completed the two dozen he had promised himself, twelve-a-side. As Cecilia realised her punishment was over, she pushed herself up off his knees, pulling her knickers hastily up to cover herself before rubbing frantically at her glowing rear end.

"You can stand in the corner by the door with your hands on your head for five minutes after that, just to think about it, young lady."

"Young lady, indeed," she thought, "he just wants to gloat over my poor bum."

The sight was one to treasure, for the knickers barely contained half of the girl's bottom, the lower cheeks being quite bare... and very rosy.

After five minutes, Cecilia was allowed to pull on her cords, wincing as she did so, and was handed the clothes brush by Roger with the instruction to return it from whence it came.

"The sooner the better" she thought.

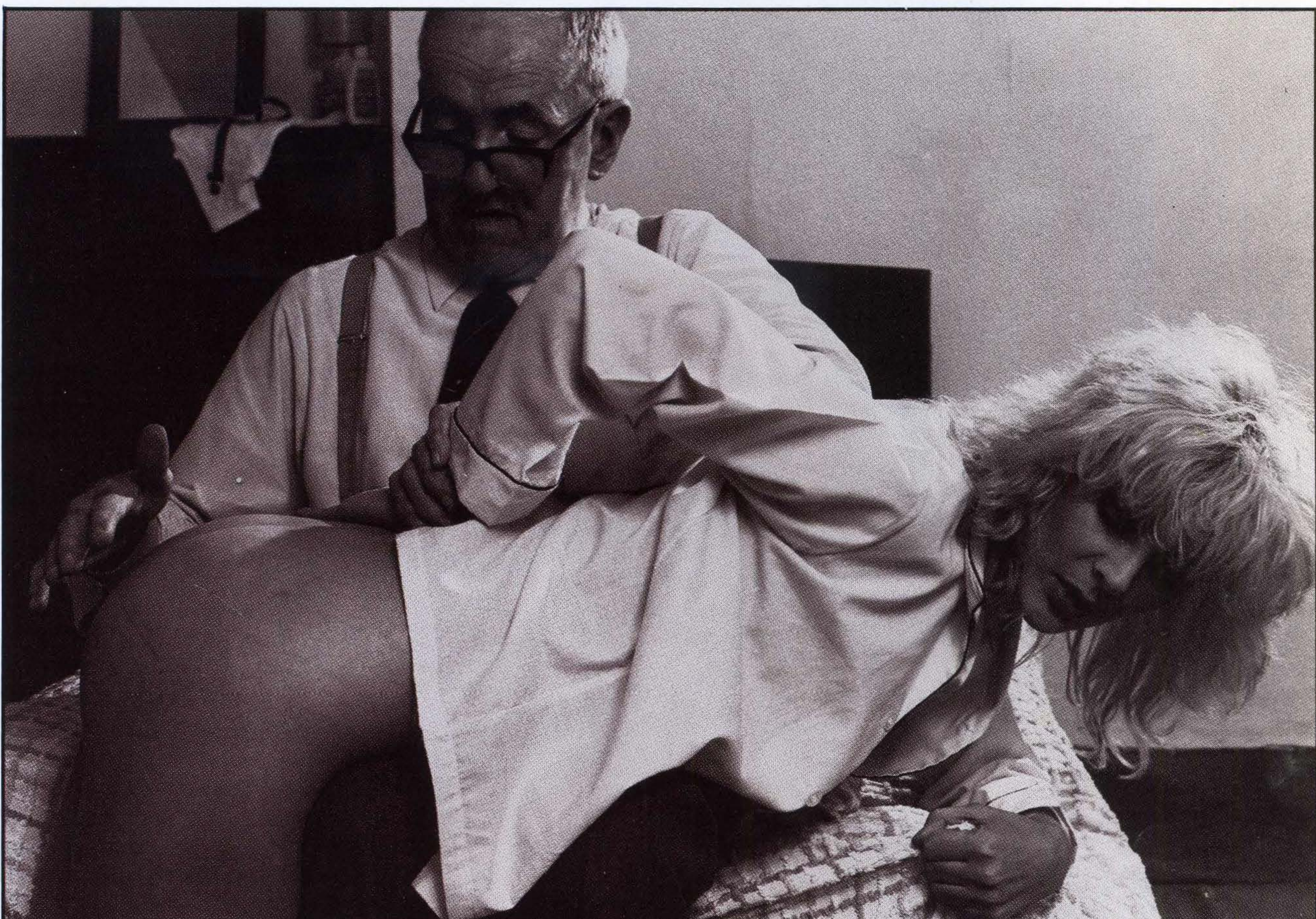
"You took that very well, Cecilia. You can be proud of yourself. So I'll see you after Saturday second house. OK?"

"Well, the cane can't be a lot worse than that I shouldn't think. Thank you for letting me have this way out. It's painful, but it's worth it. I'm off tomorrow night, so I'll see you on Saturday. Night, Roger."

"Goodnight, Cecilia."

Roger went over to a small cupboard in the corner and, taking out a key, unlocked it to take out two long malacca canes with curved handles. "They haven't seen service for a while. Better take them home for some linseed oil before Saturday's little extra performance...."





Here it comes --



"Ooogh! And that was just the first one --!"





Back across the bed, bum tingling,  
tears unstoppable



Etcetera!

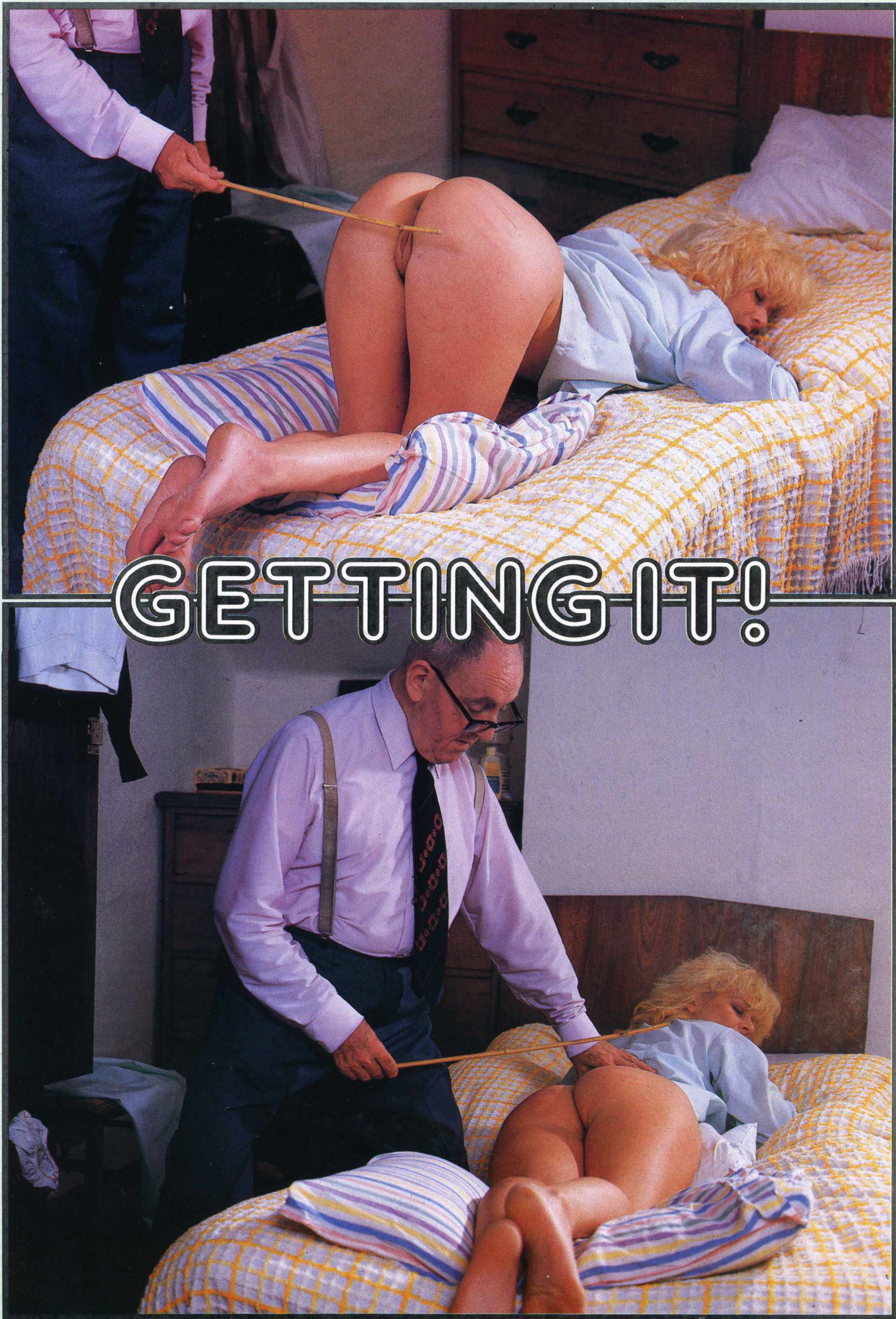


The last few strokes, in the most  
humiliating position.



Etcetera!!!







# A FIRESIDE CHAT



Three ducks in echelon angle their stiff-winged flight up a chimney breast; a silver framed photograph looks blankly and obliquely across a small suburban sitting room; a television newscaster delivers his uninspiring account of the days happenings – silently, because the sound knob on the television has been turned down – and he smiles a half-convincing goodnight into two million homes. Ignored by these silent

witnesses, a frantically sobbing girl blubbers pathetic pleas for “n-n-no more, please -please, Uncle – ooogh!”

In a fender-guarded hearth, a knight in brazen armour watches po-faced and clutches his fire-tending implements, unmoved by the tearful girl’s plight as she tosses her head back an instant after a solid-sounding slap rings loud in the curtained room. Blonde hair dashes across flaming

cheeks which have been heated as much by breathlessness and humiliation as by proximity to the hearth and its glowing coals; “I don’t think you’ve had quite enough yet!”

The final word coincides with another firm slap and the girl snatches forward across her guardian’s lap – whom she calls “uncle” because he prefers her to – impelled by the sudden thrusting of her toes against the floor.



Halfway down the girl's scissoring thighs, a pair of navy school knickers cling to her legs. Rucking and then stretching as she kicks in near panic; "I'll decide" – Another stinging spank, " – when this naughty little bottom's – " another one, just as hard – "had what it needs!"

The girl's flinching, jerking bumcheeks shiver from the impact of what might be their eightieth or ninetieth smack; twenty or more bum-reddening spanks later those crimson blotched buttocks are squirming uncontrollably and her sobs and pleadings have become squeals of helpless anguish; "Get up!"

A knee thuds on the floor; black school shoes scuff their toes against the carpet and groping fingers clutch at the drooping navy knickers. The girl kneels between her uncle's knees with tears rolling down her cheeks; her buttocks still quiver as she drags her pants up, hoping against hope that a spanking is all the punishment she's to be given this evening. Her uncle still holds her green tartan skirt up to her waist; his words dash that forlorn hope;

"Leave *them* where they are, Rachel!"

"Oooo!" the knickers 'sloosh' down her legs again. Practised fingers slip the fastening on the skirt's waistband and it unfolds from around her hips. Pale maiden-hair catches the light; Rachel squeezes her plump, damask-skinned thighs together and licks unconsciously at her lips. "Come on then!"

"Please – " a sharp and unexpected slap stings the side of her leg. "Ooow!" The naked buttocks tweak together then bob apart; slender, fumbling fingers yank at a blouse button whilst other hands loosen the tie at her neck. The knot is pulled loose even as Rachel is

With a robust bounce Rachel's tits spring into view as the "helping hands" wangle the last button free. "Knickers right down!"

The girl pushes her pants down to knee level and they rest their thick navy folds across her calves. The blouse is yanked up over her head, her hands having to go with it, trapped by the still-fastened cuff buttons. "Stupid!"

One button is unfastened but the other doesn't survive the impatience of Rachel's uncle's fiddling; it drops unheeded to the carpet and the girl's hands float up towards her head, which is where hands have to be when they are not to be allowed to interfere with further proceedings. "Turn around!"

"Please – *please!*" But she turns, stumping round on her knees, catching another bum-jiggling smack on her left cheek as she comes sideways on. "Over–"

"Please –!" with her knees close together, Rachel bends forward until her elbows are touching the floor; her hands are still on her head, her tender-looking bottom sticks up helplessly. But not enough – "Come on Rachel – do it properly!"

She hollows her back; her spanked bottom tautens into a tighter bent-over curve and juts up under his very nose. Rachel's tears dampened cheeks flame with the natural result of this last humiliation. Fingers press sideways at her inside thighs; she swallows a nervous gulp and inches her knees as far apart as they will go, her knickers stretching taut between her legs. The faintly heard sound of the top being unscrewed from the pot makes the girl gulp again: "Oh *please* – please don't–!"

Her eyes widen suddenly; she breathes in at the touch of the expected yet still startling chill; "Ooooh-no-no-no!" Then again;

"Open". She puts out her tongue for the small, insignificant seeming pill; the taste of the jelly is still on his fingers. She crunches the pill between her teeth and pulls a wry face at the tang which it and the jelly leave in her mouth.

"You're supposed to swallow it, not bite it." The packet rustles again. "You'd better have another one". For once he is patient; she's still learning.

She opens her mouth again and gulps and swallows until he's sure it's gone down. "Right, you can get up."

Rachel gets to her feet, inelegantly; her knickers slip slowly down her calves. Every stitch of clothing she has on is now at ankle level or lower; knickers, socks, shoes. He holds out his hand for her knickers, not needing to tell her. She lifts one foot then the other; the pants catch for an instant on the buckle of her shoe before she can surrender them. "Upstairs, my girl! End of your bed, pillows under your tummy, face down. Shoo!"

Rachel "shoos", her bum wagging behind her, buttocks hot and bothered-looking. She looks back nervously from the doorway and then scampers upstairs.

By the time she is settling herself across the end of her high-standing bed, Rachel's cheeks are wet again with fresh tears. She stuffs the pillows tightly under her tummy and stretches her legs apart until she can feel either edge of the rug at the bottom of her bed under the toe of each shoe. Footsteps sound on the stairs. She spreads her feet wider until the muscles in her thighs and calves are taut. She hollows her back and tilts her bottom up so that she'll be as humiliatingly positioned as possible when he comes through the door ready to be given the rest of her "punishment" without fur-

tugging at the next button up. The narrow end of the tie flicks her cheek as the knot comes undone; the tie 'whisks' from under her collar and another slap whacks against the same thigh.

Rachel tugs at the third button while a small pot of enormous significance is taken down from the mantel-piece.

The third button comes undone and instantly the one next above it pulls out from its buttonhole too.

she screws up her eyes and gasps. When she opens them again her cheeks are blushing almost as vibrantly crimson as is her still-smarting bottom. "Turn around!"

She straightens up from the floor and bumps around on her knees, her hands still on her head, her breasts wobbling as she turns, their nipples stiffening all at once without apparent reason. He is crinkling a plastic-enveloped packet.

ther fuss. Against all the omens she hopes that he'll do no more than make her disgrace herself on the tips of his tantalising fingers; the facts are, though, that since her sixteenth birthday these "end of the bed" punishments have been somewhat stiffer. Rachel crosses her fingers when she'd much rather be allowed to cross her legs and holds her breath in case that was the sound of an unzipping fly –



# CINDY

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Cindy knew that her cousin, Karen, had just been caned. Lying on the lawn in the early afternoon sunlight and idly turning the pages of a picture book, Cindy had heard – floating down through the window of the master bedroom at the rear of the house – her cousin's bitten-off squeals and cries. – "WHOO-HOOO! Oh, NO!" and then the caning must have stopped, for all she could then hear were funny, muffled moans.

It must be awful to be caned, Cindy thought. She knew what it was to be 'seen to' herself, but so far she had only been spanked. The day before, when Cindy had arrived to spend a week at her uncle's house, Karen had asked her a little shyly whether she made much noise when she was being 'seen to'. Cindy hadn't known what to say, because *she* hadn't told her cousin anything about it, so she had just compressed her pretty lips and shaken her head.







Half and hour later when Karen came out of the house towards her, Cindy pretended to be absorbed in her book. Karen threw herself down on her tummy on the grass beside Cindy and uttered a big sigh. Or maybe it was a sort of sobbing-sigh, but Cindy thought it best to make believe that she hadn't heard anything. Karen's ultra-short, white pleated tennis skirt matched her own and showed their legs almost up to the tops of their thighs. The brevity of them helped them to keep cool, Cindy's aunt said, and Uncle Simon agreed with her. Each time the girls jumped for the ball, or bent to retrieve it, the translucent white nylon panties both wore would show their pert bottom cheeks to the full, just as their otherwise unfettered breasts jiggled under their white blouses.

Everything at Uncle Simon's house was different to Cindy's own, anyway. It was much larger and more luxurious, and all the beds were double so that you could really sprawl in them. And lots of mirrors. They seemed to like mirrors. Cindy's guest room had three. Whenever she was dressing or undressing, she could see her lithe young figure from all angles. It was the same in Karen's.

There were canes, too, in the house – slim, whippy pale yellow ones whose colour matched the headboards of the beds, and the wardrobes. There was one in Karen's bedroom, and one in the master bedroom, too – for Cindy had peeped in there. There were lots of mirrors in the big bedroom, too, and the funny thing was that there were even a mass of mirror-squares on the ceiling above the bed.

"I've just been caned," Karen said suddenly, as if she had been waiting to confess it for long moments. She rolled on her hip as she spoke, to face Cindy, and began buttoning up her top, making the stretched material strain out over her maturing tits. "Mummy says it keeps me on my toes," Karen went on as both girls looked up to see her father strolling towards them in shirt and trousers.

"Karen, your mother wants you. Mr. Dickinson has just called and it appears he would like to have a few words with you," he said.

Both girls turned together and sat up, coiling their legs under them. Two years older than her cousin, Karen's thighs were slightly plumper than Cindy's and swel-

led up gracefully to the junction of her legs where the folds of her brief skirt dipped coyly to partly conceal the vee of her panties.

"Oh! But you've just already... I mean, I've just..." Karen began with a stammer, but rose up under his mildly-enquiring glance, affording Cindy a brief look as she went petulantly back towards the house, her bottom bulging impudently where her pleated skirt arched over it.

A man peered through the French windows as Karen moved towards the door. Cindy sort of knew who he was. Girls of her age who were just into, or just finishing from the Sixth Form, talked about him. He had formed a private college for 'high school' girls and had a reputation as a disciplinarian, though that word was a bit too long for Cindy to form in her mind. She had heard that he used the cane a lot, and a tawse as well.

Alone then with her uncle, Cindy didn't know whether to get up or not. She thought for a moment that he might sit and chat with her, but instead he extended one hand down to take hold of her own, small warm one and drew her up. Instinctively, Cindy made to smooth down her skirt at the back, but there was no point in it. The 'house skirts' that she and Karen had to wear indoors were just as short and left their tightly-banding stocking tops showing as they walked. Whenever they sat down, their skirts drew up ever so high.

"Come, Cindy," her uncle said softly now, just as if they were going for a little stroll. But Cindy somehow knew they were heading for the summerhouse. It was made of pine, with a green roof, and had a little verandah. It was a sort of special place. Karen said she had been in there sometimes, and so had a few of her girlfriends when they came to stay. Cindy had never been in there before, for it was always locked, but she knew it was special. A girl who had been 'summerhoused' was somehow different – 'more advanced' they said.

When they reached it, and her uncle unlocked the door, Cindy thought that it was larger inside than it looked from the outside. There was a divan with several nice cushions on it and a window that gave out on to a bed of tall shrubs at the back. No one could peep in. There was a small cabinet by the divan and its door was open. Cindy could see wine bottles

and glasses inside.

Her uncle followed her glance as he closed the summerhouse door and asked her if she drank yet. But then he immediately corrected himself and said, "No, of course you don't. Karen is beginning to like vodka, I'm afraid."

Cindy was scarcely listening. She was looking at another couch in the centre of the floor – a black leather one on stubby legs that stood in the centre of a huge rug. It had a hump in the middle, like a camel's. It would be a funny thing to sit on, she thought. She stood uncertainly as her uncle came to stand with her, casting one arm loosely across the back of her shoulders.

"Your tennis is improving all the time, Cindy, and we do want to progress you – keep you polished up, as we say. Training is so important, is it not. You ARE being trained a little already, I believe. Turn and look at me, Cindy. Training is like being seen to, you know, and you always have to obey the commands of your coach, don't you?"

Cindy gulped and nodded. His hand smoothed her corngold hair and he smiled. Would she obey? – he asked. For a moment Cindy got mixed up in her mind as to what he meant, but she knew she had to be obedient when she was being spanked, and she supposed it was the same thing.

"Yeth," she lisped. A funny, tight feeling of excitement in her often made her lisp. Gazing self-consciously up at him, her nipples peaked through the thin material of her top, the shape of her tits showing faintly pink beneath. He was asking her now, in a grave, quiet voice, if she had learned what to do first. Again, Cindy felt a bit muddled, but then she noticed a slight frown gathering on his face. She knew that sort of frown when one hesitated for too long. She had never done it in front of her Uncle Simon before, but now he had stepped a pace back from her and was waiting.

Cindy bit her lower lip and fingered the floating hem of her miniskirt. She had to 'show' first, and he was waiting for her to. Her moist lips alluringly parted, she drew up her skirt all around until her panties were fully exposed, the semi-transparent crotch humped out slightly where her already-flourishing curls bunched. – "Show, Cindy – you know by now what it means," he intoned. He



saw the pink tip of her tongue peeping from between her teeth as she obeyed and pushed her tiny panties down to her knees, unveiling the glistening, near-golden tuft beneath.

*One, two, three, four, five*, Cindy told herself, because that was how long she had to stand like that, 'showing', before she turned and displayed her apple-round bottom to his view. This was called 'displaying', and in the past few months she had always had to 'show and display' before she was spanked.

Again, nervously, breathlessly, she counted in her head up to five, holding her naked bottom well bulbed as she did so, and thinking that perhaps her uncle would be very proud and surprised to discover how obedient she was. A step sounded behind her and Cindy stood as still as she could as his hands quested around and beneath her, feeling the emergent warmth and waiting readiness of the chubby hemispheres.

"Oh, yes," she heard him murmur as if to himself, and Cindy wanted to giggle and to cry at the same time. But then, as his hands left her warm derriere, she unclipped her skirt and let it fall. If she waited to be told, he might spank her harder. It was called 'being awkward', and she had been told many times now not to be. Stepping out from the small white pool of the garment. Cindy peeled her knicks off completely and then with slightly trembling fingers unbuttoned her top and let the sides fall apart.

He remained unmoving as she did so, but she could hear him breathing just behind her. His hands came lightly upon her shoulders and he turned her, glancing briefly down at the flat sweetness of her pearly tummy, the creamy whorl of her navel, her sprouting bush, and her blossoming-firm breasts that showed their pink-brown nipples.

For a moment they stood thus and Cindy had the mad thought that he was going to bend down and kiss her, but she was NEVER kissed before she was seen to. Sometimes after her spankings she was kissed and made a little fuss of before she put her knicks back on again.

He was impelling her now slowly towards the funny couch, his palm gently circling her warm bottom. And in that second or two,

Cindy suddenly realised what the strange-looking hump was for. Coaxed silently to kneel on the couch and then positioned with her knees in front of the hump, she found herself being pressed gently over it so that it came up under her tummy and made her bottom thrust right up.

It was then that her uncle bent and touched a button on the side of the couch. As he did so there came a faint whirring sound and, with a faint squeal of surprise, Cindy felt the hump rising more until the upper part of her body on one side of it, and her legs on the other, formed a broad triangle. She was perfectly poised then. For the cane.

Swallowing nervously, Cindy saw – out of the corner of her eye – the cane being flourished from its nesting place under the bottom of the couch. Was Mr. Dickinson caning Karen now? Karen had murmured something the day before about having 'advanced lessons' upstairs and... "NEEE-OOOH!", Cindy squealed suddenly as the hissing path of the cane bit white-hot fire into her fully-exposed bottom cheeks. Oh-woh, it was much worse than being spanked. It was... "GEEEE-OUCH!" came her next shrill cry as again the cane coursed in, scarcely pausing in its arcing flight from the first foray across her bum.

"Only four more, Cindy, this first time, and then we shall see how you progress," she heard and then screwed up her eyes and waited, squeezing her ardent bumcheeks in anticipation of the third. But he waited – waited until she had absorbed the first searings. It was best not to rush them, as Simon well knew. If Karen had not been properly coached, then Mr. Dickinson would not be able to progress her, as he was surely doing right now.

"THOOO-WEEEEH!" Cindy's wail rent the otherwise quiet air of the summerhouse seconds later. Strung high as her bottom was over the black leather hump, her slender hips rotated wildly, fighting within herself to contain the whitehot fire. The couch was narrow and her left knee slid sideways, making her foot come down on to the floor. She made to draw it back up, but a touch of the cane stayed her.

"No, Cindy, stay as you are – just as you are," came the command while she strained the toes of her left foot down on the rug, her

legs thus scissored apart. Turning her flushed face away from him, Cindy whimpered and wriggled, her now-rigid young nipples brushing tingingly against the leather beneath. A palm stroked her brazier-hot bottom and she jerked at first, but then she let it. Fingertips there touched gently, enquiringly. Where the pursed fig below her bottom cheeks showed, she was moist, just as she always was after a spanking.

Mouth open in a pretty 'O', Cindy tried to control her quiet sobbing and hissed her breath in as a fingertip explored her more intimately. With little, girlish gulps she felt his hand cup her underneath and hold her thus, holding her still while her hot bottom throbbed. Then, finding her motionless at last, the cupping palm slowly withdrew, tickled by curls.

"Yes," she heard him say softly, and Cindy waited – waited for what she was about to receive. The end of the cane tapped her hot cheeks enquiringly and she jerked a little, but again was still. Again it tapped, but now – as it seemed to her – more mischievously, as if to say that she was almost as good now, or almost as naughty now, as Karen sometimes was.

"You will learn gradually to come on to the cane, Cindy," his voice sounded. Exposed as she was, his voice made her feel hot and quivery, for it was so gentle and persuasive. "Cindy?" she heard him ask and heard herself say "Yeth – yes," just as she had had to recently before she was actually spanked. Screwing up her eyes again, Cindy almost felt the cane being raised, even though she could not see it.

"HAAAR!" Her long-drawn-out cry came as it coursed in again, catching her now right under the bulb of her stricken cheeks. Gritting her teeth as the long fingers of fire invaded her crevices, Cindy clawed at the smooth black leather – but somehow, somehow, she managed to keep her hips from jiving too madly.

Even through the blistering fire, Cindy knew now that she was yielding, yielding, allowing herself to be ridden by the cane until the worlds of goodness and naughtiness merged and brought her deeper, deeper, to that throbbing, tingling fulfilment, with which, so far, she had only really flirted with after her spankings....



# NEXT MONTH!



Is he really going to do it?

Will it hurt?

Is it true, what she's heard; that  
it stops it 'taking' if you cross  
your fingers and blink very,  
very hard?

These and other pressing  
questions will be answered,  
when Valerie is really given  
something to Blush for in  
the January issue of  
Blushes

# DON'T MISS IT!



# SELF SERVICE



Smack! The man's hand slapped down onto the pale shapely bum-cheeks. The resilient attractive curves rippled and deformed, bouncing back into shape showing red fingermarks on their pinkly-flushed surface.

"MMmmmm!" The slim young blonde writhed, refusing to cry out. "Slap me once more," she said, slowly and icily, "and I'll never --" Smack! another sharp, stinging slap interrupted her.

"MMMmmmm!" Again she refused to squeal. "Damn it!" she cried, "I'm sorry – I'm sorreeee! What more do you want me to say?"

"Driving too fast – *again!*" the man said angrily. "I want you to promise me you'll drive more slowly." Again he slapped her full cheeks, producing that satisfying sharp sound possible only from female bottoms.

"WAH-h-mmmm! I promise!" the wretched girl agreed immediately. "On my honour – truly – I'm sorry. I won't do it again, Frank. Please..."

She was in no position to be awkward, or argumentative – bottom-up over his thighs, helpless, almost, with her elegant knickers round her knees and her dress turned up over her back. Her naked buttocks were up high, firmly held, while she tried to keep her balance on tip-toes and flat hands. She had a soft, refined accent in her husky voice.

"Good!" he growled. "Now, let's see what it takes, shall we?" He looked down, taking in her tense cleft and taut legs, and the charming pout of her neat pussy in its nest of dark-blond curly hair. "From the look of you, now, it won't take all that much."

"Oh, you rotten devil!" she protested breathlessly as he stroked her, making her gasp as she realised how moist she was – already! "Oh!" she wailed, "that's taking unfair advantage, and you know it! I can't help it, when you spank me." She quivered indignantly, vastly humbled. "You ask for it,

every time, Anne, so I .."

"You lying dog!" she interrupted hotly, wriggling madly. "You never give me any alternative! I hate being helpless, like this, and being spanked like a naughty child. I'm over twenty-one, and I hate being made to plead, and having to climax each time, and... and..."

"But you do it so nicely," he said innocently. "Not every time, of course, but you never complain afterwards – do you?"

"It's so damned embarrassing and humiliating, at my age," the blonde said ruefully. "Knowing you enjoy doing it to me makes it worse!"

"We all have our small problems. Yours is wanting far too much of your own way – asking for trouble! Mine is that I have to punish you for it." He sighed softly, shaking his head and grinning.

She made no retort, so he began spanking her steadily again, until, predictably, she cried, "Ah-h-h! No more! I'm... Ah!.. comin-n-n-g!"

And she did, dramatically, making low, throaty sounds of passion or anguish as she usually did, putting lots of effort into it, as ever, despite a certain odd reluctance initially.

The day was bright and hot. The air was warm and balmy and still. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, just the strong sun, blazing steadily. It was not a day to be working; It was holiday weather.

The time was three-thirty p.m. and at the rural roadside garage no-one *was* working – it was afternoon tea break. The total staff; two old men in overalls, two younger men in blue jeans, and a young apprentice, sat outside on a plank resting on two oil drums, leaning against the front wall in attitudes of lethargy. A thick, heavy mug of strong tea was handily close to each man. The apprentice clutched a can of Coke.

Conversation was sparse. The





men gazed unseeing at the three petrol pumps. Traffic on the narrow road beyond the pumps was scarce, but as each vehicle approached tension mounted; subsiding again as it went on by without stopping. No-one was keen to have to go and serve petrol during their break.

The deep, throaty sound of a hard-driven sports car some way off had its effect, after a few seconds, disturbing the four men.

"Oh, Ker-rist! Not *her* again!" old Jim said shortly.

"Sounds like it," old Walter inclined his head, listening.

Tyres squealed under harsh braking as the car approached the bend near the garage. The engine howled as the inexperienced driver made a novice change-down far too late. Again the punished tyres squealed as the driver tramped on the brake pedal harshly.

The relaxed mood of the garage staff changed suddenly. If it *was* the car they were expecting, it and its driver were trouble with a capital Tee – not that the MG was to blame in any way. The fault lay with its driver, they were all agreed on that point. This young lady had the same haughty approach to her driving as to everything else she attempted. She was the spoiled, over-privileged daughter of a hopelessly-indulgent father in whose eyes his daughters could do no wrong. She was the middle one of three sisters; aged almost nineteen.

Her heavy novice foot on the accelerator brought the red car into the mens' view, fish-tailing out of the bend, swooping toward the garage far too fast and not fully under control apparently. She saw the garage, put the signal flasher on too late and immediately steered for the forecourt like an accident about to happen.

"It is *her*!" old Walter stated, staring up the road toward the bend.

"Um," Jim grunted. "It would be!"

"If she's bumped it again . . ." The dark-haired younger chap didn't complete his threat – didn't even open his eyes as he spoke. He'd had to knock out several dents from the red car, always in a rush.

The car stopped by the pumps with a jerk and a short screech from its tyres. The redheaded girl driver

revved the engine unnecessarily to ensure they knew she'd arrived. She didn't deign to even glance at the men. She sat with her cute nose in the air, staring straight ahead through the windscreen, looking attractively wind blown in the open car.

No one took very much notice of her. Certainly no-one made a move to get up and attend to her. She wrenched the handbrake on fiercely.

"The car looks alright," the apprentice whispered. "Have a look, Ken."

The dark-haired chap opened one eye reluctantly, ran it over what he could see of the red car without moving a muscle, said: "Good!" and closed it again. The apprentice sighed softly.

The redhead tapped her steering wheel with impatient slim fingers, still gazing straight ahead imperiously, fuming impotently already.

"Should I go?" the apprentice offered mildly, putting down his Coke.

"Let her wait!" the other young chap growled. He stared at the redhead, not the car, his jaw set determinedly. "Do her good!"

"Pity her Dad doesn't give her a damned good tanning, now and again!" old Jim muttered. "Learn her some manners."

"He thinks all three of them are perfect!" Old Walt sighed, shook his bald head. "And he's got the money to --"

A sudden strident blast on the MG's twin air horns drowned Walt's words completely as the redhead showed her dislike of being kept waiting, still without giving them a glance. She was furious and resentful now.

"*That does it!*" The determined young chap got to his feet quickly, jaw firmly set, eyes bright with suppressed anger. "I'll see to her!" he said to the apprentice, who still hadn't made a move, beyond putting his can of coke down on the dusty ground.

"Okay, Frank." The youngster relaxed, reaching for his coke.

The four watched as Frank walked unhurriedly toward the red car. No-one spoke, but they all sensed that Frank intended to teach the headstrong young lady a sharp lesson. He was built for the job: tall, with broad shoulders and trim waist, and rather large hands. His fair hair was curly, and he was

oddly good-looking in a rugged way. He owned and ran the small garage.

The redhead sensed his approach, but refused to look his way. Still staring ahead she blasted the horns again, but Frank refused to be hurried. He walked on steadily, hands deep in his pockets. Thus far, he'd had a poor day, wrestling with a filthy unstartable farm tractor. But the pretty redhead in the open red MG didn't know this, of course.

"If she sounds that horn again." old Jim paused. The younger dark-haired chap added, "Frank will probably make her eat it."

"Pity he doesn't drag her out of the car, and spank her arse!" Walt commented slyly. The apprentice said nothing. He'd seen Frank lose his temper before. Not often, but enough to have been impressed mightily.

They all sensed that something fairly drastic may be about to happen. To the redhead! No-one wanted to miss a thing, no matter what it was Frank had in mind for her. She had their undivided attention.

Though it wasn't very far from where the men sat to where the MG stood by the pumps, facing away from them, it seemed to take Frank a long time to get there. As he did the redhead began to stab the horn producing a series of short sharp blasts. But not very many.

Frank got to the car, leaned down and yanked out the ignition key, leaving her stabbing furiously with no effect. She stopped, glared up at him in wordless fury. He nonchalantly perched on the rear deck of the car, at the passenger side and dangled the keys well out of her reach, smiling thinly. Instinctively the redhead grabbed for them, then realised she'd never get them that way.

"Get off my car!" she snapped. "And fill it up, on Daddy's account."

"Manners, Brenda." Frank tinkled her keys. "Ask me nicely!"

"Get your filthy denims off my car – NOW!"

"First, I'm going to give you some good advice, on how to treat people, and --"

"Damn you! Get off, and give me back my keys!"

"-- and that's not all," Frank ignored her interruption. "Then I



may teach you a sharp little lesson in manners. You need one, Brenda!"

"And stop calling me Brenda!"

"Sorry! Miss Stannard." Frank grinned infuriatingly. "I may even try to teach you to drive properly, sometime. You need that as well, when you recall your manners, of course, before you hurt yourself."

"Oh!" Brenda cried. "You big-headed . . ." she sought for a suitable word, and ended lamely, ". . . LOUT!" in a shout of fury.

Frank didn't move. He held her keys up, grinning impishly.

The car door snapped open suddenly, giving the seated men a glimpse of long shapely legs and brief white panties as the redhead almost leapt out the low seat unexpectedly, surprising everyone but Frank.

"Will you do as I say?" she demanded in a high shrill voice that wasn't quite a shout, as she almost ran round the rear of the car.

Frank moved just as quickly, saying, "Not until you ask properly." He stood up, caught her round her slim waist as she got close enough, swung her off her feet, turned and sat on the low concrete plinth the pumps stood on and dumped her bottom-up over his thighs. All in one smooth, easy movement. The MG was between them and their small audience.

Seconds, and the girl was transformed into a five-and-a-half-foot demon; a squirming, kicking, struggling, fighting fury! For the first time in her life she was helpless and she knew it! Despite her best frantic efforts she stayed so. Frank held her there easily, with one rather greasy hand in the small of her back and his other arm firmly across the tops of her thighs. Being right-handed the unfortunate Brenda faced to Frank's left, her flushed face quite close to the forecourt concrete upon which her toes failed to find a worthwhile purchase. She had to support her weight on her flat hands, which limited her a little, and she was so far over Frank's knees she couldn't bend her knees to get her feet firmly on the concrete.

The watchers smiled and muttered encouragement, not that any was needed; Frank had the situation well in hand, grinning wickedly.

"Well?" he asked innocently, savouring her helpless humiliation.

"Let me up, you. . . you beast!" the girl shrieked.

"First, the good advice," Frank said calmly. "Be more friendly, and stop relying on your Father's money to get you what you want--"

"Damn you, and your advice!" Brenda interrupted hotly. "Let me GO!"

"-- and remember your manners," Frank ignored her completely, "you must have been taught some -- use them. Say please to people!"

"OH! If you don't let me go I'll --"

Smack! Frank interrupted her with a sharp slap on the full curve of her unwillingly offered right buttock. "Say please!" he demanded.

"I will not, you --"

Smack! Frank interrupted her again with another on her left cheek, muttering, "Now, say please!" as Brenda Cried, "Ooh-Owwwww! NO-o-o-o! I won't, and you won't make me, you bastard!"

"No manners, and using bad language now! You know what happens to young ladies who have no manners, and who swear, don't you?"

Brenda adopted a rigid silence. Not a word from her, though she did try to turn her head, to look up and give Frank an icy stare. This didn't work out too well as she couldn't see him for the thick red hair that hung over her face in wild confusion now. She shook her head madly.

The four onlookers were now standing in a close group, to see the action better, smiling broadly and making low comments and suggestions, not sure now if he would let the girl go, or not.

"This is what they get!" Frank said softly. "And what they deserve!"

The watchers saw his big hand rise and slap down in a steady rhythm onto the wriggling frantic buttocks of the hapless Brenda, while she began to squeal and shriek, sounding rather confused and dismayed.

Initially, Frank didn't spank her too hard, or too quickly. He built-up to this slowly, falling into a nice rhythm. Then, each time his flat hand connected there was a satisfying sharp 'Slap!' and a wail of anguish from Brenda, until she ran out of breath and could only gasp.

Brenda tried to cringe away from

the punishing hand. Her bum-cheeks were stinging hotly. Her dignity was completely shattered. She felt awkward and embarrassed in that position -- head down and bottom up -- totally demoralised and vastly humiliated. And not a thing she could do to escape more of the same as she resolutely refused to plead!

He sensed that he was getting the upper hand. Already her struggles were much weaker, and she was reduced to gasping low protests; embarrassed beyond endurance now.

As Brenda realised how vulnerable she was, in that ridiculous position, her fine fury and firm resolve began to fade rapidly.

They went back into the garage slowly. The two young men followed even more slowly -- especially the apprentice. He was fascinated by Frank's mastery of the fiery Brenda, who was little older than he was, but who acted, and was, much more adult and sophisticated.

"I've a good mind to try that!" he said brightly. "On her young sister, Carol." He chuckled. "She's as snooty as Brenda, and she's only sixteen. A good spanking wouldn't do her any harm."

"You do," Ken muttered, "and you'll probably get your face slapped."

"Oh," the lad said, and hurled his empty coke can into the scrap box.

He stopped slapping her and growled, "Well? Ready to ask nicely?"

"No! . . . damn you! . . . she panted, "You can. . . go to. . . hell!"

"Remember!" Frank said coolly, "You asked for this!" He slipped her skirt up and over her back revealing her small white panties and her light tan stockings, and the attractive length of pale thighs bare between the two, both blushed pink below the swell of her cheeks.

Brenda felt the air cool on her hot skin and yelled, "OH!" adding, in indignant gasps, "I didn't! . . . Don't. . ." She was instantly rigid and tense. Her bottom clenched until it, and her long legs, quivered.

Frank resumed his steady rhythm without another word, spanking her hard enough now to flatten her full curves, but giving them time to bounce and ripple



back into shape between slaps. Brenda relaxed rapidly, suddenly aware of how vulnerable she really was now, and how much *more* vulnerable she'd be if Frank took further advantage of her, as he may!

Suddenly the madly hot stinging in her bum was having an equally hot effect internally. Amazing galvanic tinglings! Each slap now added to this intriguing reaction she could not control. Her pussy ached as she became warmly moist there, wriggling hopelessly as the sensation increased. She realised in a hot flush of mild panic that all her older sister, Anne, had told her about being spanked was quite true. Up to now she hadn't believed her. Now, suddenly, she did! *Every word!*

The hot impacts on her furiously stinging bum-cheeks stopped. Brenda lay there panting, feeling the sun hot on her well-punished buttocks. She kicked weakly, still firmly held across Frank's knees. Her bum felt like a big red wobbly jelly, stinging like mad all over and down the backs of her thighs. Frank muttered something she didn't quite hear, she was so full of outraged dignity and self-pity, moaning softly.

"Oh, no-o-o-o!" she gasped, knowing, as his fingers slipped into the top of her panties and she felt these being pulled down over her fiery cheeks. "Fra-a-ank!" she pleaded, "NO! Oh, don't, ple-e-e-ease!"

"Too late!" Frank said brusquely. "You had your chance, and you muffed it! But you're learning, now." He went on tugging Brenda's panties down, smiling in appreciation of the two red-blotched pink cheeks he was revealing, while she gasped and panted and struggled weakly to prevent this latest indignity, without success.

They both knew that with her panties round her knees Brenda would feel even more exposed and terribly vulnerable. Brenda also knew, with a dreadful certainty, as the gusset was tugged free from its moist, close cling over her pussy, that Frank intended to take her to the final humiliating conclusion. He was going to spank her to her peak – and probably beyond! And, in her present helpless, confused state, this would not take him very long to achieve, despite her

unwillingness.

"Oh-h-h, Fra-a-ank!" she groaned. "Please, don't spank me any more."

Frank, with the warm, heady scent of her arousal in his nostrils, took not the slightest notice. He stroked her hot, flushed skin for a few moments, making her flinch and squirm. He smiled and gave her a few light, friendly pats on the smooth side-curve of her bum-cheek, just below her hip, which barely rippled its fluid, bouncy fullness. Then he went on spanking hell out of her in the same steady rhythm without a word of warning, while Brenda gasped pleas and protests in a last hopeless attempt to stop him. This was her only chance to avoid further humiliation. She guessed this was useless. But she tried.

Frank paused, shook his tingling hand and noticed that their small audience had departed. This hardened his resolve to reduce Brenda to total abject humility. His left hand slipped to her waist, then he went on slapping her jerking red cheeks, sliding his hand beneath her, reaching for the curly ginger hair at her crotch. He leaned over her.

As Frank's fingers slid into this very personal area Brenda gasped, "OOOooh!" and became rigid; kicking and jerking involuntarily in weak shocked reaction. She arched her back and shook her head furiously, red hair flying wildly as she responded strongly, having no alternative.

Frank supported her on his left hand, feeling her warm, wet pussy above his fingers. Brenda, trying to escape his highly erotic gentle stroking, *helped* him to elevate her hips, making herself even more vulnerable to his large punishing right hand, moaning, "UMmmmh," softly.

Very quickly she was beyond caring about her position, or her hot embarrassment. She was only concerned with her rapidly approaching climax now, moaning, "Oh, Frank!" as each firm slap connected with her helplessly offered and nicely-spread buttocks, heightening her sensations of arousal. She lay poised on rigid arms and legs, balanced on her flat hands and tip-toes, her feet well apart, supported by Frank's big hand which kept her in this position, helpless and subdued, but

very responsive. The white panties at her knees were stretched to their limit; the small damp patch plainly visible at their gusset.

Frank grinned at the sight she presented as, quickly and expertly, he spanked Brenda to her peak, until she squealed, "FRAaaaank!" softly, making rather lewd, jerky hip movements involuntarily in response to his gentle urging from below. Very rewarding, to Frank, from a girl of Brenda's high social standing and fine background – especially when she squealed, "Please, Frank!" softly and breathlessly, adding, "Yes! . . OH! Yes – Now! . . OH, please! . . Plee-eease! . . PLEEEEEASE!!!"

"That's a good girl!" Frank's voice was a low throaty mutter.

He sought her clitty. As he found it, sturdily erect, Brenda jerked and screamed "YEE-eeek!" softly. She took a deep breath between her clenched teeth and held it. Her lewd hip movements slowed tensely, in time with the low moaning sounds she was making.

Frank said, "Come on, Brenda!" very low and sexy. He stopped slapping her and began to stroke her hot flushed cheeks, making her flinch and quiver. "You're learning nicely," he encouraged her.

Suddenly she wailed, "OH! . . Oh, my! . . I'm . . OH! . . Please! . . OOH! . . I – I'm c-com-m-i-i-n-n-g!" She sounded quite surprised.

Frank urged her a final time and she promptly obliged him, gasping, "AH-h-h-h!" rigidly tense and quivering as she released her breath in a long low sigh of release as she reached her final climax.

For a few tense seconds she jerked and wriggled slowly, breathing in sharp short gasps; spasming and pulsing strongly, becoming hot and hopelessly wet and slippery to Frank's touch.

He stroked her gently as she relaxed totally, to lie there across his knees completely helpless and breathless and confused. She moaned softly in speechless appeal; at Frank's mercy, for the moment.

"You did very well," he muttered. "I *knew* you could ask nicely." He gave her a small friendly slap which brought an instant cry from her: "No more, *please!* Not now!"

"*There!*" Frank chuckled softly. "I knew you could, when you try."

"Umm!" panted the hapless,



nicely subdued Brenda, ruefully.

Frank helped her up a few minutes later. She turned away and very carefully eased her panties up over her tender, smarting buttocks with a low, "Ooooh, *you!* That was a rotten trick!" Her face flushed hotly.

"Sit down a minute." Frank sat her on the edge of the pump plinth. "I'll put you some juice in. How much do you want? I've forgotten in all the excitement."

"Fill it up, *please.*" Brenda wriggled on the warm concrete.

"There you are, you see! Of course, miss – right away."

"Thank you." Brenda said icily, taking her weight on her hands.

"My pleasure, miss. You're quite welcome."

"Hmph!" Brenda snapped. "I suppose you think, because you married my sister, Anne, you have the right to spank the whole family?"

"No-o-o!" Frank shook his head slowly, his eyes on the petrol pump "Only you girls who've forgotten your manners."

"I see! I'll tell Carol to watch her step, when she calls for fuel. May I have my keys now, *please?*" She asked meekly, shaking her hair back.

Frank handed her keys over, then helped her up. She got into the MG slowly and carefully, gave him a nice smile and said: "Anne told me, about being spanked, but I didn't believe her – then." She started the engine, rammed first gear in and roared away before Frank could reply.

He gazed at the small damp mark she'd left on the plinth and said: "I'll bet you believe her now, lady!"

Brenda turned the shower off and stepped out, reaching for a towel. She was surprised to have one handed to her by her younger sister, Carol. It was obvious she wanted something – a favour probably.

"Thanks," Brenda said, taking the towel. "What do you want now?"

"I have to get a puncture mended – rapid! I have a heavy date on, and I can't get into town without the Honda. The wheel is out. Run it down to Frank's garage for me, and use your charm. He'll do it, for you."

"No way!" Brenda snapped.

"I've had enough of Frank for a bit! I went for petrol the other day, in a hurry, and he... um..." She paused, blushing. "...made me late. He humiliated me, in front of the others!"

"I know; I heard you telling Anne about it on the phone. You should see your bum! I'll bet you weren't expecting that! Wow!"

"No, I wasn't, but," Brenda shrugged, red-faced, "I asked for it, I suppose. Anyhow, you're not supposed to know, you young --"

"I know!" Carol interrupted, "About the spanking. *And all the rest!*"

"You *would!*" Brenda smiled, remembering. "So, you can take it yourself, you minx. I'm not going near that garage again for a while."

"Chicken!" Carol grinned. "Just because he had you off! You may not be so lucky next time." She made for the bathroom door.

"I certainly hope not! And *you'd* better watch your step young lady."

"I will. I'll be very charming and appealing. He'll do it for me." Carol went out and closed the door, adding, "And if he does spank me, I won't submit, like you did."

"Hmph!" Brenda watched the door close behind her tomboy sister, and muttered, "I hope you remember to say, please – especially when you're pleading with him. No matter what you're pleading for,"

The Ford Fiesta, with Carol at the wheel, made an uncertain slow right turn and crept onto the parking area by the side of the garage. Carol let it run well down the side of the building, out of sight. She felt sure no-one had seen her, but she was wrong. She was also wrong in thinking her sister hadn't seen her take the car. Brenda had not only seen her; she'd watched her take off the L-plates, before she left.

Brenda did the only thing she could: phoned Frank, guessing Carol was going there, sure he'd do something to stop Carol driving alone without L-plates.

As Carol was taking her motor cycle wheel from the back of the car the apprentice was telling Frank she'd arrived.

Carol, unsuspecting, bowled her wheel into the workshop, looking wide-eyed and smiling inno-

cently. She was careful not to let it mark her light flared skirt, or her leg. The workshop seemed dark and shady. Carol peered about uncertainly. All the men seemed to be busy. No-one was about. Suddenly she heard Frank's voice, calling, "Hello, young Carol. What brings you here?" He walked towards her, smiling.

"Do me a favour, Frank?" Carol tried to sound appealing. She let him see her wheel. "Mend this puncture for me?"

"Sure." Frank picked up her wheel. "He can do it now." He walked off with the wheel into the rear of the garage. Carol waited for him to come back. It had been much easier than she'd hoped.

Frank returned from another direction, heading for the small office in the corner of the building. He beckoned Carol from the doorway.

"Come on, in here," he called to her cheerily, smiling widely.

Carol, still unsuspecting, walked over there and followed Frank into the office. He closed the door after her, eyeing her trim buttocks.

"Can I wait for it?" Carol asked naively, completely unsuspecting.

"Uh-huh. It won't take very long." Frank sat down behind the small desk. "How did you get here with that wheel? You didn't walk, did you?"

"I... um..." Carol hesitated, confused, "I used Brenda's old car – the Fiesta. She lets me use it now, you know. She has the MG."

"To learn to drive! Not to be out driving alone, with no L-plates." Frank said severely. "It seems to me you need to be taught a lesson!"

"I had to; It's important." Carol saw the hard set of Frank's jaw, and added hurriedly, "She wouldn't bring it, so I had to."

"This isn't the first time you've been out driving alone, either!" Frank growled, glaring at her sternly. "But you're not driving back." He stood up and snapped, "Come here!" in a tone that made her blink.

Meekly Carol went to stand by the desk, without a word. She had a sudden, odd sinking feeling in her tummy as she guessed what Frank had in mind. Her trim buttocks tensed in anticipation. "Don't spank me!" she gasped. "I'll tell Daddy!" Not like her at all, normally.

"Good!" Frank took her slim



wrist. "He'll know anyhow! I have his permission, to spank you all. He noticed the change in Anne, soon after we were married. I told him she'd been spanked. So. . ." He paused, smiling at Carol's crestfallen expression. She was terribly confused.

He took in her slim waist, tall supple figure – long-legged as her two sisters – her trim hips, and her small firm breasts, with uptilted pert nipples visible through the thin material of her blouse. She was as dark as Anne was blonde, but had the same thick wavy hair.

Carol gave him an up from under look. "Are you going to spank me?"

"Uh-huh! Somebody better had, before you get into big trouble. Let's have you across the desk." Frank pulled her wrist, forcing Carol to bend from her hips and lie lengthwise over the desk. In that position Carol felt a sudden quaking reaction and an increasing tenseness in her legs and buttocks, and in her tremulous pussy. She took her weight on one forearm, her hand flat on the desk top. Frank still held her other wrist. She looked up at him sidewise, warily, in silent appeal.

"Don't spank me too hard," she said mildly, "or I'll scream."

"Just hard enough to teach you some manners. You haven't said, please since you got here." Frank smiled grimly. "And to make sure you learn how to follow the rules in future – okay?"

"Won't you let me off, this time? I'm sorry," Carol wheedled. "If there's anything I can do. . . I don't want to be spanked."

"Nope!" Frank shook his head. "Sorry," he lied, "I don't want to do it to you, but I promised I would, if it was needed – and it is! Now, let's see if you can grip the edge of the desk." He put her hand at the far end of the desk from the one Carol was bending over.

Reluctantly Carol put her other hand there. She had to stretch to reach and grip the end, so much so that she was on tip-toes, breasts taut on the desk top, thighs firm against its end – helpless.

While she tried to wriggle herself into a more comfortable position Frank left her to it and locked the door, saying cheerfully, "Now you can scream as much as you like. This place is fairly sound-proof: It needs to be, or I'd never

get any work done for the racket out there."

"Oh, thank you!" Carol said, with a hint of bravado she didn't feel.

"You're welcome. I don't want to inhibit you in any way. Do anything you feel like doing. You'll be more comfortable with your legs straight and your feet further apart. Don't bend your knees."

"I'm quite comfortable as I am, thanks," Carol muttered, still trying to work out how she'd ended-up in her present awkward position, without putting up a struggle. She was still quite confused at the very unexpected rapid turn of events. Too late, now, she thought, remembering that Brenda had warned her. Pity she hadn't taken any notice.

Frank's big hand heavy in the small of her back interrupted her frantic thoughts. She was pinned down quite firmly, but able to wriggle.

"Ready?" He went on, giving her no chance to answer, "We'll try fifty, say, for a start, then --"

"Fifty!" Carol wailed. "Surely you don't mean fifty slaps! I won't --"

Smack! Frank's big hand arced down and interrupted her furious protest, wringing a sharp, "OO-owww!" from her, while he said, "One!" taking in the way she was almost instantly tense and rigid from shock and surprise, and the hot stinging effect, no doubt.

Carol wriggled in silent anguish. Taking Frank's advice she spread her feet well apart, trying to tuck her bottom down lower, still on tip-toes. Smack! – "Yee-owww!" she cried almost instantly, surprised.

Frank gave her time to settle down, feeling her smooth, strong squirming under his hand. Carol, he decided, was a very fit, athletic girl – more so than her sisters. Slim and wiry. Not yet fully developed, but surprisingly sensual, probably without realising this. He smiled, knowing he was going to enjoy making her squeal and, later, plead. She lay there spread-eagled, her head turned away and that heavy dark hair already loosely awry. She stubbornly refused to look at him. Her big blue eyes may be filled with tears now, but he doubted this. The thick hair over her face prevented him from making sure. It didn't matter; he

expected her to weep, later. She wasn't the screaming type.

Settling quickly into his slow, steady rhythm Frank spanked the frantic, wriggling Carol, with her gasping and squealing and kicking madly. Despite Frank's firm, steady hand on her back she wasn't still for a second. Her neat, slim buttocks jerked and weaved furiously. She no longer clung to the far edge of the desk top with both hands; now she was making a futile attempt to protect her punished bottom, using her hands, palms up. Her two slim hands, fingers widely spread, gave Frank an awkward target beyond her reach, on the under-curve of her cheeks and the tops of her slim thighs. In this area he was hampered by her skirt. But not for very long. "Oh, no, you don't!" Frank said.

She gasped "OH!" and protested loudly, "That's not fair!" as she felt her temporary protection being expertly disposed of.

After a short, one-sided little struggle, during which her wrists were crossed and held firmly in Frank's strong left hand, well up her back out of the way, Carol ended-up completely helpless – more so than before. She showed her frustration, squealing; "Let me go, you big clown!" wagging her hands and clenching her slim fingers into small fists. Frank paused, until she calmed down and subsided, panting quickly, swearing softly to herself; profound words Frank wasn't supposed to hear and barely did. He didn't need a reason, but this gave him one. Carol, he decided, was far too high spirited – still. A bare-bottom spanking would do her good and add a spice of humiliation to the proceedings. Keeping hold of her wrists he eased them up from her back.

He raised her light flared skirt quickly, slipping it beneath her frantic hands and holding it there, exposing her almost to her waist.

"Oh, hell!" she cried indignantly. "Damn and blast you!"

"You," Frank said severely, "are in a very poor position to be using bad language. Swearing doesn't become you – not in those cute pants."

He grinned at the sight of Carol's firm young bum-cheeks clad in panties so brief they covered very little and were hardly more than narrow tape at her hips. The gusset



was taut between her legs, but allowed stray dark curly hair to show there. This struck Frank as being very attractive, but almost indecent – the way she was wriggling and kicking. He chuckled softly, amused by her helpless fury.

"Damn it!" she blazed indignantly. "Stop laughing at me, you swine!"

"Sorry." Frank said seriously, grinning.

"Hmph! I should think so – OH!" she wailed as Frank eased the tiny panties down, one side at a time, over her pinkly-flushed chubby cheeks.

Carol went quietly berserk, almost. Very reluctant to submit to this, as she thought, final indignity, forced upon her by her macho brother-in-law to embarrass her completely. With her panites tangled inside-out, still clinging between her legs, she put up a wild, hopeless little struggle to prevent him from tugging them any lower. She felt terribly exposed with them there, at the top of her thighs.

Frank was surprised at her strength. Holding her was like trying to hold down a big playful puppy: almost impossible without hurting her.

"Stop struggling!" he growled. "Your modesty's showing."

"Oh-h-h-h – damn!" Carol swore as her panites were tugged down to her knees. "This isn't fair! You're taking advantage of me-e-e-e." She tailed off her gasped protest unfinished, having run out of breath and indignation, and energy. She lay panting and recalled what Brenda had said about *her* spanking at Frank's hands, on the phone to Anne. She realised that Frank may intend the same fate for her! No way! – not without a fight! the wretched girl decided. She'd been humiliated enough!

Frank felt Carol relax. He grinned knowingly and was amazed when she made a last desperate attempt and got her hands free. She was off the desk in a flash, despite his late attempt to hold her. She stood facing him, crouching as she reached for her panties and began to tug them up again. "Oh, no you don't!" she panted. "I'm not so easy – Ooh!" she winced as the panties reached the fullness of her buttocks. She stopped tugging and began to ease them up over her

stinging cheeks, retreating from Frank's slow advance, squealing, "Keep away from me!"

She didn't succeed in getting her panites snugly into place.

Instead she ended-up across Frank's thighs, with him sitting on the low rear seat from some long-gone limousine which served as a settee. He sat at an angle, which put her feet under the seat and stopped her from kicking.

Carol knew instinctively what Frank was about to do to her before she felt his fingers between her legs, stroking her gently. She felt as if she might melt, but knew she should have been highly indignant. She had no indignation left, nor any embarrassment or shame.

"Oh, Frank!" she moaned, squirming slowly, becoming much more moist as he sought her openly-offered female secrets, and found them, in turn.

"This is where you must remember your manners," he said, determined she should plead a little. His left hand cupped her sensitive breast, the nipple firmly erect in his palm. His right hand cupped her hot pussy. He gave her a gentle friendly squeeze and she gasped, "Please, Frank," immediately, responding with a slow sensual writhing that amazed him.

Frank grinned. So much for the sophisticated young miss. Now she was gone completely; heading for the inevitable climax and totally unable to do a thing to prevent it – even had she wanted to.

"Oh, Frank, please!" she moaned, quivering on the brink of climax, knowing she'd have to plead for it, but oddly reluctant to do so. "Don't make me, I'm embarrassed enough now. Don't make me plead!"

"Come on, Carol," Frank muttered. "You can do better than that."

"Ummm, I – yes, I. . . Damn you, do I have to beg?" Carol gasped.

"Uh-huh. Try!" Frank said coolly, though he was anything but cool now. He guessed Carol wouldn't have to do very much begging.

He was quite right. She didn't have the time.

Within a minute she wailed, "Oh, Frank!" softly, and obliged him strongly, rigid and tense and quivering with the effort she was putting into it, becoming warmly

wet without any further drama.

Frank held her while she pulsed and spasmed hotly in a frantic wild climax that left her breathless.

She relaxed slowly, moaning to herself, sounding quite surprised.

"Terrific!" Frank patted her hip gently.

"I hope you're satisfied, now!" she whispered.

"I should be asking you that!" Frank chuckled wickedly, convinced that young Carol was the most sensual and responsive of the three sisters, surprisingly. "Now, I'm wondering what it will take to make you do that again --"

"What!" Carol gasped. "No, thank you! I hated having to plead."

"Well, let that be a lesson to you! If you forget your manners again, I'm ready to oblige, and remind you. Lying; driving without L-plates, and with no driver in with you; swearing and using bad language – any little thing I hear about. It will be a pleasure to remind you again – the hard way!"

No reply from young Carol. She sighed and began to try to get up from Frank's thighs. Her face was as red as her bottom. Frank helped her up to her feet. She sighed again ruefully, turned to face away from him and stooped to retrieve her panties. She slipped them up slowly, wriggling them up over her punished cheeks carefully. Still not a word from her. She turned round slowly, fastening up her blouse, not looking at Frank. She seemed very subdued and awkward, and terribly embarrassed.

"Yes," she said, smiling slightly, "I can see how it will be a real pleasure." She rubbed her bottom gently, smiling ruefully, wincing as she found the most tender spots. "But not for me, thanks."

"Your puncture should be done by now." Frank stood up reluctantly. "I'll go and find out – let you sort yourself out a bit."

He unlocked the office door, opened it, paused, then went on out and closed the door. He had an expression of righteous satisfaction.

Carol sat down gingerly on the low soft leather of the old car seat. It had been quite an afternoon, and she still had to get home with her repaired wheel. She felt humbled and completely shattered.

She wondered if Frank would make her walk home.



# BLEAK HOUSE



All the girls photographed for Blushes magazine are 18 years old or more – believe it or not!

In front of the fire on a chilly winter's evening, the grandfather clock 'tick, tocking' in the hall and a little penance yet to be paid.....



A ritual the girl knows well; knickers down and wait whilst the week's misdemeanours are recounted and the penalties thereunto counted up.....







Listen to the cane "pat-patting" against the palm of his hand, hear the ominous huskiness begin to catch at his words.....







The creak of a floorboard, the faint sigh of his breath as the moment approaches.....





"Being a good girl" – most embarrassing of all for a girl with a cane-tender bottom and "reminders" being flicked across it as she tries to make it happen. And after all, still half a dozen strokes yet to come!







The 'thwack' of a cane about its work, and the half-stifled cries of a weeping girl – dismal sounds indeed in a big old house on a chilly winter's night.....

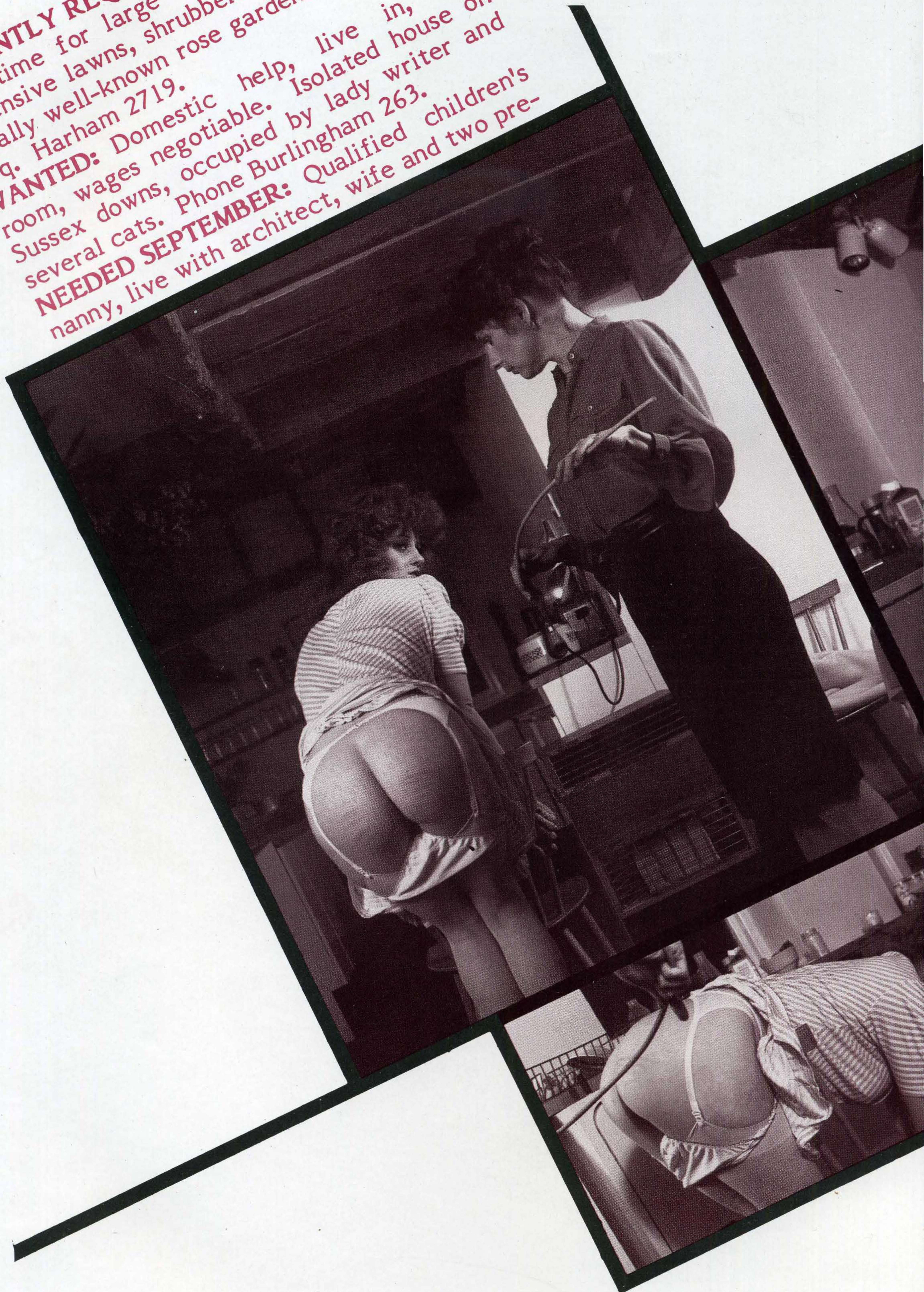




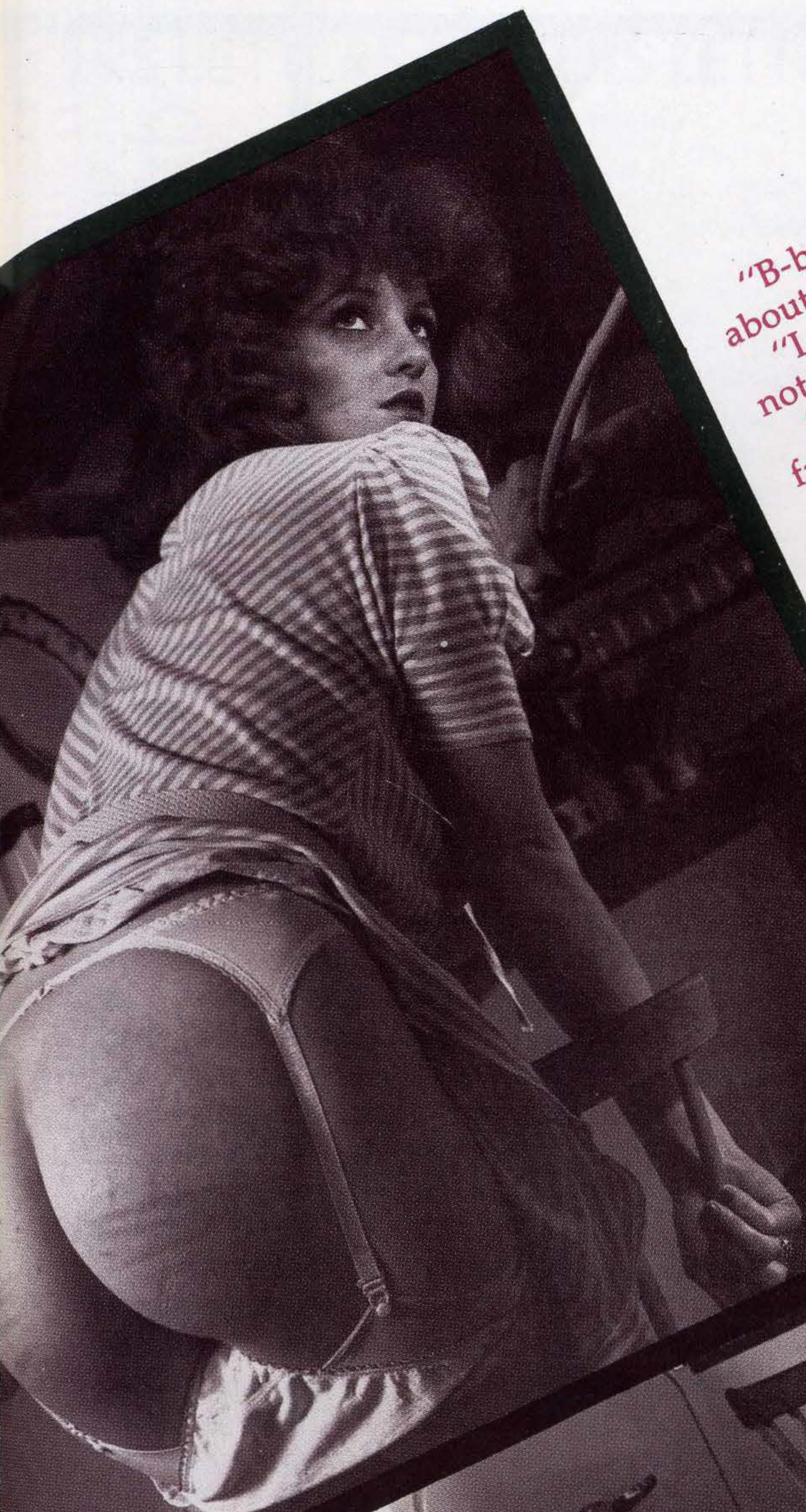
**GENTLY REQUIRED:** Part-time for large country house, extensive lawns, shrubberies, and a locally well-known rose garden. Ref. req. Harham 2719.

**WANTED:** Domestic help, live in, own room, wages negotiable. Isolated house on Sussex downs, occupied by lady writer and several cats. Phone Burlingham 263.

**NEEDED SEPTEMBER:** Qualified children's nanny, live with architect, wife and two pre-







"B-but, you didn't say anything  
about me having to get the cane -"  
"I didn't say anything about you  
not getting the cane, either did I?"  
"No - but it doesn't seem very  
fair -"

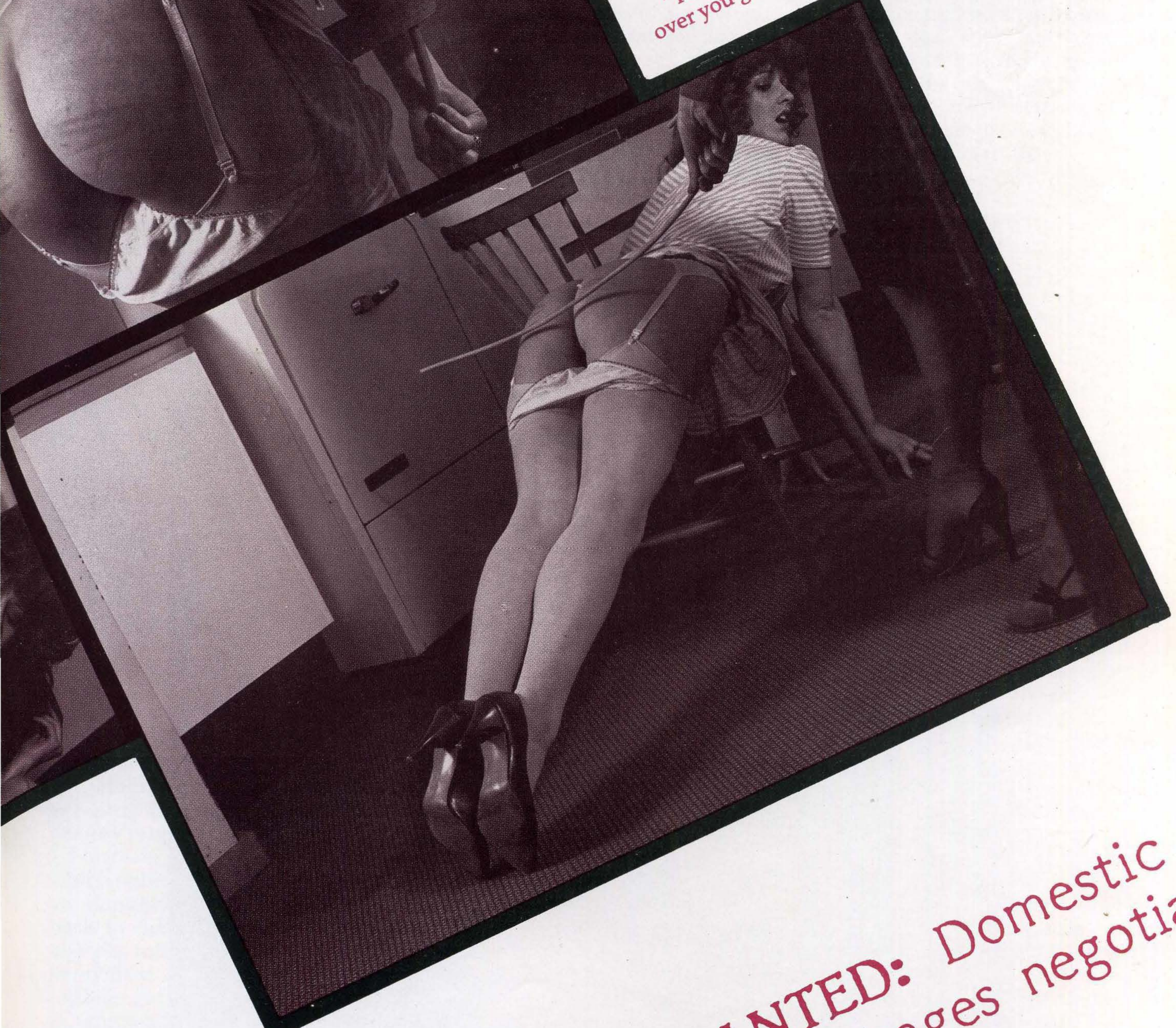
"Neither did I say I would be fair  
with you, Louise; now bend over  
and get your knickers down!"  
"But it'll hurt -!"

"Of course! That's what canes  
are for, you stupid girl! Now do as  
you're told, child -!"

"I - I don't want to -"  
"You can always leave, Louise -  
but if you do, you'll leave without  
this month's wages."

"You can't do that!"  
"I can. I shall phone the police  
and say you stole the silver, too."  
"You're a bitch -!"

"I didn't ever say I wasn't. Now,  
over you go, my girl -"



**WANTED: Domestic**  
**room, wages negotiable**



D: Domestic help, fond of cats, live  
room, wages negotiable. House on  
downs, occupied by lady writer.  
urlingham 263.



**WANTED:** Domestic help, fond of cats, live  
in, own room, wages negotiable. House on  
Sussex downs, occupied by lady writer.  
Phone Burlingham 263.



**WANTED:** Domestic help,  
in, own room, wages nego

Phon



Cambridge, Oct 1984.

It is always a joy to greet a brilliant newcomer on any stage, whether that stage be the arts, journalism, the sports field or the political arena. When the particular stage is the CP press it is doubly a joy, and when the brilliant newcomer is of the quality of 'Blushes', then that joy is unbridled.

To which I can only add this: 'Blushes' is not just another CP magazine, but one that fills the gap left by the others. One would think, from the number of titles now available to the spanking enthusiast, that we were rich in literature. However, behind the covers of these apparently varied publications is a numbing monotony, and much that is simply shoddy. True, one has a fine artist – but he seems sadly inhibited by the magazine's lack of 'balls'. Another produces splendid, sharp colour photographs of wealed bottoms, but takes all the satisfaction out of them with its insipid copy, insisting that the cane is a nice stimulant to nice lovemaking between nice couples. Another fills half the publication with letters even more fanciful than they are illiterate. Another seems determined never to use a model under forty, or dressed in anything that remained in fashion when rationing went out.....

For one who finds a constant pleasure in the mere thought of pretty girls being beaten, it is difficult to believe that so many words and pictures can be wasted on the subject without a spark of stimulation being produced. Now, I'm quite willing to believe that tastes can vary tremendously even within a fairly specific enthusiasm. But is it really feasible that the vast majority of people who buy these magazines want to read about spanking only as a means of turning on a partner? It seems as likely to suppose that folk read 'Horse and Hound' because they like to see little foxes getting plenty of healthy exercise.

However, all hail 'Blushes', which seems to give the pendulum an almighty and persuasive push back in the right direction. Your text is full of deliciously open enjoyment of the vulnerability of teenage girls, celebrating the ways in which adult male authority can be used to devastating effect

against their fragile defences. How smugly you contemplate the erotic power of the school uniform, which so nicely denies an adolescent the right to self expression, labelling her instead as subject to the whim, will and indoctrination of older and wiser people. When a teenage girl dresses herself she emphasises those aspects of her character and figure which she wants the world to see in her. When she is *made* to wear school uniform she has *our* standards imposed upon her – she is unable to create an impression of anything other than immaturity. Her individuality is no longer defined by her personality, but by her physiology. She may be a leggy schoolgirl, a fat schoolgirl, a blonde schoolgirl or a big-breasted schoolgirl, but she is a schoolgirl first and foremost and thus unwillingly packaged as a sex object for our delectation.

The full implications of this are spelt out in 'Blushes'. She will be subject to discipline – she has to do what she is told, whether she thinks it right or wrong, or else she will be punished. We all hope it will be physical punishment, but even if not, she will be subject to male fantasies about physical punishment. As she trots home from school, men will be eyeing her up, thinking about her bottom, and they will be imagining her squirming and squealing as a strap or cane lashes across her suffering behind. Your magazine is a wonderful stimulant to such delightful notions – it proclaims loud and clear that teenage schoolgirls have lovely wobbly arses and that thrashing them is damned good fun.

Please continue to concentrate on the present-day teenager. We like to be able to interchange the sweet young things we meet in daily life with the characters in your stories and the girls in your photographs. 'Blushes' helps to give substance to our daydreams and stratagems. While other magazines seek to imply that corporal punishment belongs to some faraway St. Trinians memory, 'Blushes' helps us to picture young Sally from the house opposite, knickers down with a dozen blazing strap weals across her plump haunches – or nubile Wendy, who works in the newsagents on school holidays, blubbing out unheed-

ed protests as she lies spread-eagled in her bedroom, wondering what will happen next.

What could you possibly do to improve 'Blushes'? Well, I can't agree with A.D. of Derbyshire in B3 when he asks for no letters page. I think he has been misled by the magazines which don't bother to select only the best letters. A letters page allows us to participate in the good work and it brings some fascinating cases to light – witness the systematic humiliation of 'Christine' by D.M. of Norwich in B2. Surely you wouldn't want to be without that little piece of cockteaser control, A.D.? But please ask your correspondents to distinguish between fact and fantasy. If the girl you photographed on the beach last summer arouses a particular desire within you, write and tell us what you would like to do to her (and send in the pic for publication so we can join in) – but don't make up some wild story about her and try to pass it off as truth.

I would also like to see some correspondence regarding celebrity chastisement. The press used to contain a fascinating forum on the drastic punishments deserved by famous females, but for some reason the magazines got cold feet a few years back.

As a consequence, some star bottoms have been making their debuts on our TV screens without anyone drawing attention to their potential. One of the biggest (bottoms and potentials) belongs to Janet Ellis, the new crumpet on the children's programme 'Blue Peter'. She has large and somewhat floppy breasts which seem rather an embarrassment to her, but they're not half as embarrassing as her broad and solid backside. If I had my way Janet, I'd set up a deckchair in the cellar where we won't be disturbed. I'd settle myself in it and have you remove your dress. You pose mournfully in front of me in bra and pants while I look you over. Then I have you turn round before taking off your shoes so that I can watch your bottom bulging fatly out above and below your knickers as you bend to the task. You stay bending while I slowly take your pants down, displaying your inelegant white buttocks to my amusement and your eternal shame. Now I'll have you shuffle your feet apart



(remember I'm still in my deck-chair with my face about eighteen inches from your quivering moons), dip your hips, adjust your position for at least five minutes while your back begins to ache unbearably with the strain. Your massive bottom has my full attention and I make sure you appreciate the crushing irony of having to present your rump to me and lewdly stick it out until I'm completely satisfied that it is utterly vulnerable to the cane.

By that time, when I'm finally ready to flog you, you are weeping copiously, salty tears running down your face and dripping onto the cellar floor. Don't imagine that you have stirred my sympathy though – the stirrings will be of quite a different kind.

I will make you count the strokes out loud as I lay into your fat cheeks. It's not that I have any intention of limiting your punishment to any predetermined number – just that I want to hear that irritating cut-glass accent of yours cracking under the pain.

After, say, a couple of dozen searing strokes from my whippiest cane I'll have you straighten up, face me, and step out of your half-masted knickers and take off your brassiere. Then you can start some vigorous running on the spot, with your big tits bouncing about like a couple of balloons full of custard. I'll make sure you put plenty of effort into it, give you plenty of encouragement with nonchalant slashes of the bamboo across your thighs. As if the discomfort to your unfettered breasts isn't enough, the weals on your bottom are beginning to swell, tightening the flesh and making it a real torment to get your knees up to my satisfaction. When you are quite out of breath, a veritable picture of dishvelled and sobbing defeat, you can kneel on the floor, flatten your hands in front of you, stick your rump up and spread it for a final devastating leathering from my belt. I'd love to see your fat arse after that little lot, Janet Ellis!

Do any other readers have favourite fantasies about female celebrities? Might the names Shirley Strong, Floella Benjamin, Sarah Kennedy or Bonnie Langford conjure up a response?

**Tom G.**

Occupation "Diplomat", T.G?

### Central London

With (at the time of writing) only three issues, *Blushes* has established itself as the world leader in magazines dealing with school-girls, discipline, uniforms and all the other essentials to a happy life. Your stories are literate, atmospheric and often wickedly funny; your photographs are a tonic, with lovely models who look young and fresh and pleasingly plump especially around the buttocks; your drawings are skilfull, apposite and witty.

It is, however, a letter which you published that has prompted me to write. I felt I had to express my appreciation of the account by your Norwich reader of Christine's office ordeal and the most enjoyable photos which accompanied it. Thank you, Sir, for sharing that teenage bottom with us and thank you, *Blushes*, for publishing the details in all their glory.

While reading the letter, relishing the thoroughness with which a sensitive little 17 year old had been humiliated and exploited – and while gazing with delight at the pictures of her sore, bare bum – I experienced the largest and hardest erection of my life. That, surely, is what it's all about.

It isn't often that a girl is silly (or obedient) enough to allow her punished bum to be photographed. That was a very special element of the 'Christine' story. However, it is always pleasant to look at photographs of girls who are known to be subject to thrashings, even if it's only a demure facial portrait (though the more flesh on display, the better). There is a deep satisfaction in being able to look over a teenage girl, ostensibly a young lady of dignity and confidence, in the certain knowledge that she is regularly reduced to a howling, squirming, pathetic little girl. What a joy it is to peruse her pretty features while reading all the details of the painful and humiliating regime she is made to undergo! And the wholly desirable effect of humiliation is increased by the publication of her picture.

A couple of years ago there were encouraging signs that one of the top spanking magazines was going to publish a regular gallery of such pictures. One can imagine the delights: 'This is Sharon, aged 16, who is strapped on the bare bottom on average twice a week.' –

'Here we see Rebecca in her netball kit; on the evening of the match she was given eight strokes of the cane to discourage smoking, some of the stripes falling across the firm young thighs you can see in the picture.' – 'This photo shows Valerie, my 17 year old step-daughter, in her school uniform. She has been caned 3 times at school and is given regular slippings on her large bum by myself. She is a real cry-baby, but that doesn't stop me from walloping her as hard as I can.'

It would be a marvellous addition to *Blushes* if a 'gallery' feature such as this could become regular. I would also like to see readers' candid photographs taken on sports-fields, local swimming pools, tennis courts or beaches, which feature teenagers in knicker-showing or bum-emphasising poses. Or any pictures of girls in uniform (drum-majorettes, girl-guides, Salvation Army, nurses, as well as schoolgirls).

The other main areas in which *Blushes* might improve and expand would be in the reprinting of newspaper articles. I'd love to see some of the famous case-histories alongside your stimulating photographs. Not just CP stories, though, anything titillating involving schoolgirls, nurses, or the other luscious pets that make *Blushes* what it is.

It is so nice to have a magazine which concentrates on spanking and caning as punishment, and not as some frivolous activity between lovers. You rightly assume that your readers are a bunch of smug, lecherous bastards who like nothing better than to see some sweet young angel whacked into blubbing submission – the less they like it, the more we enjoy it. Could we possibly see more evidence of tears on the girls' faces? This is the only respect in which other magazines out-do you. The sight of a schoolgirl's face screwed up in pain and anguish as the salt water streams down her cheeks is one of the finest in nature – surpassed only, perhaps, by the sight of raised weals and welts on a teenage bottom.

I look forward to future issues of *Blushes*.

**C.P.**



**Barnet, Herts.**

Dear Sir,

In a recent edition of your magazine you asked for the woman's view, and my husband suggested that I wrote this to you to give a sort of birds eye view, as it were.

It is very difficult to pinpoint where exactly my fascination with corporal punishment began. As a young girl, I am now in my thirties, I remember avidly watching Billy Bunter, and I seem to recall that any film or T.V. programmes that had a school in them usually had a caning sequence. Mostly it was boys that were caned but my memory seems to recall a few girls, including one girl at a Victorian school getting it on her bottom.

As a schoolgirl, corporal punishment was very much a way of life in the classroom, and even in infants school we were smacked, usually on our legs, but for something very naughty, we got smacked on our bottoms. I certainly believed, as I think did the rest of the children, that there was a cane lurking somewhere in the classroom, and that there was certainly one in the Headmistress's office. This ensured that normally our behaviour was very good.

At Junior school, at the age of seven, I recall that our teacher, one Mrs. Graves, seemed to have a fascination with corporal punishment. All the many stories she used to tell us usually finished up with the boy or girl concerned getting the cane from our Headmaster. In our classroom was a very tall cupboard, much too tall for a seven year old to see what was on the top, Mrs. Graves assured us that that was where her cane was kept, which had been used on several boys and girls "last year". We were never able to prove, or disprove the existence of this cane, as although we often promised to climb onto the cupboard during play time, we never actually did.

Despite all of her talk about her cane, the only punishment Mrs. Graves ever dished out was the ruler across the left hand, which caused some of us to cry, but being a brave girl I always just managed to hold the tears back.

Our second year teacher was a confirmed leg slapper, although if a boy really did step out of line he might get hit on his bottom with a ruler. I really used to hate having my legs slapped on a cold day as

her hand really did sting!

The third year teacher was a ruler woman again, girls on the hand, boys on the bottom, this one used to make me cry, although we girls noted that few if any of the boys ever cried, what with the protection of their trousers.

It was as a ten year old third year that I had my only encounter with the Headmaster. As you will realise my schooldays were not a great length after the war, and as a result the school air raid shelters were still in the far corner of the playground. However by 1957 most of them had become flooded, and we were strictly forbidden to go anywhere near them. Being kids we used to dare each other to go into the shelters. On this particular day I and six of my friends, boys and girls, were rounded up along with two fourth form girls and two fourth form boys, and all of us were marched off to the Headmaster, Mr. Churcher. Now I really feared him. He was middle-aged, and I believed that he spent all his time using the cane. My reaction was that we would all get the cane, Carol, however, was of the opinion that there were far too many of us and he would just shout and rave at us.

He really did bawl us out, rightly so; the shelters were a dangerous place.

He then crossed the room to one of his cupboards and my heart missed a beat as he took out his cane. He handed it to Carol and told her to "Feel that, girl, then pass it around your friends, and I promise you that the next time any of you are in here you will be feeling that across your bottoms."

Carol examined it and passed it gingerly to me. I remember shaking as I took it in my hands. I suppose it was the first awakings of the feeling of excitement that I get when I am about to be punished. My stomach turned a somersault. I went to hand it to one of the fourth year girls, "No" said Mr. Churcher, "these four are quite old enough to know better. They are going to feel it across their bottoms."

One of the fourth year girls, Ruth Edwards, burst into tears. Mr. Churcher simply turned to her and said, "there will be plenty of time for your tears when I have finished with you, young lady."

The rest of us did not get off scot-

free however, as from his cupboard he withdrew a large slipper, and in turn we each bent over and got six very hard whacks indeed from him. As I left the office, in tears, and with a stinging bottom I heard the cane swish and the cry of pain from one of the fourth form girls as she got her first of six strokes.

In my own fourth year I came across my first real live bitch, Mrs. Marshall. She made no secret of the fact that she totally disliked girls. In fact looking back I really wonder if she was suitable to be a teacher in a mixed school at all. On our first day in her class we were shown her slipper, which, she told us, would be in frequent use, especially on the girls, because girls are nasty little creatures!

She was not wrong. It seemed that the boys could do anything without incurring her displeasure, but if a girl stepped out of line then she got the slipper. In truth we normally only got two or three whacks, but I really did learn to fear that slipper!

At the age of 11, I was sent, against my will, to an "all girls" Roman Catholic school. The place was very drab! Strict uniform, no make-up of any kind, no sweets inside the school gates, no jewellery, skirts one inch, exactly, above the knee, no talking in the corridors, sensible shoes, the lot. This all had a very good self-disciplining effect on us. Somehow a girl always felt uneasy within its walls. For the girls not sufficiently discouraged from disobedience by the surroundings there was the cane, applied on your hand in class and across your bottom, with great vigour, in Sister Cyril's study. Failing to do homework always brought the cane down across your left hand, two strokes, then back to your seat, your hand clasped to your side. For serious offences, smoking, truancy, fighting, wearing make-up, or cheeking teachers it was a visit to Sister Cyril. Her cane was a lot thinner than the ones used in class, and was a good deal stingier. You had to bend over and grasp your ankles, your skirt came up and the cane was applied across your bottom, normally six times, regardless of the offence. The stripes it left were fourteen or fifteen inches long, the cane was so whippy that it wrapped itself right around the girl's bottom. I got the



- Three strokes from a tawse, over knickers.

## FROM A SCOTTISH READER





back of my neck and kneel at the end of a low bench in the middle of the room in front of Walter who is sitting on the other end, opposite to me. When I face him so, he takes the paddle and starts to slap my bare bouncing breasts with it, from left and right, from up and below or just fully frontal. He does this with sharp flaps of the paddle, short and fast which set my 38-inch breasts at once into jelly-like quivering and heavy swinging movements. And as soon as these movements are about to die down he stirs them up again with new flaps of that paddle.

Since those slaps are not given with full force behind them, they don't hurt extensively as single ones – which doesn't mean that they don't hurt at all – but after a few minutes treatment like that my poor boobs are so sensitive that they feel the pain of all those slaps adding up to a rather intolerable amount of pain. The colour of my breasts by then is changed from cream-white to pink or even darker pink and soon afterwards I can't hold back any more my tears.

But on it goes, my boobs now accumulating colour as well as volume and becoming more sensitive at the same time, so that after about ten minutes I cry unashamedly and loud and have the feeling as if two large tense and boasted balloons, filled with pain to bursting point were bouncing under my eyes left and right, up and down and to and fro.

Particular painful are those slaps where the paddle is applied from the front and squeezes my poor nipples home into their by now blazing bed.

And nevertheless I must not dare to take my hands from behind my neck to protect my poor boobs, it would only prolong my suffering through added minutes of the same treatment.

After fifteen minutes my breasts are definitely swollen, they no longer feel only boasted and have acquired an intense shiny red glow all over them with my dark nipples twice their usual size and protruding like little fingers. And with tears flowing down my cheeks and falling on my poor hot breasts I kneel there, howling with immeasurable pain.

But only then begins my battle against myself. Every minute I keep my hands longer behind my

neck subtracts one more point from my account which had been set to 60 at the beginning and is now already down to 45.

Knowing that every remaining point means one stroke with that cane on my behind and on my thighs I try desperately to gain as many minutes as possible. But when several more minutes of breast-paddling have passed I usually capitulate howling unashamedly with my boobs now feeling twice their usual size, swollen, blotched all over and bursting with pain, standing out in deep red colour like those of statues only do, tight, tense, glossy and enormous.

But I don't have much time to meditate further about their state. Without much thinking or better, not being able to think at all in my state I lay back on that bench, raise my legs and lock them at my knees into my arms. Doing this I squeeze my poor bust in a way that they definitely don't like then, don't like at all after that painful treatment, but it can't be helped. What then follows can help me to reduce my account further and with it my dose of the cane which is waiting for me. Reaching for the small whip, made from some soft sort of leather and ending in an oval flat shape Walter starts to whip my squim. Not hard, but in a way that is painful enough to renew my tears and howls at once. With one minute between he flashes the whip down on my pussy, bulging out from the cramy, chubby frame of buttocks and thighs. And the longer the whip falls down there the more my pussy swells and protrudes and opens up, giving ever more tender parts a taste of the whip. At the same time its colour changes from pink to a dull red which doesn't look nice. After about five strokes my poor clit and its surroundings share the full impact of the whip and howling long and loud after each stroke which I see coming down I find it more and more impossible to keep my position for the whip. Around number ten of the strokes which I have to count myself, by the way, I almost always let go of my legs and let them slide down to the floor and find myself laying there, cringed with that terrible pain between my legs and in my boobs.

Only then I will know exactly how many strokes I will get with

that dreadful one-meter-cane of my husband. Its length is not without a good reason one meter. It is my average measure around where the cane is to be applied, or as Walter puts it in his humorous words: Every bouncing bum needs his length of cane!

Ant to give that long cane its meat, I drape myself now over that same bench with my breasts squeezed on the hard top and my whipped pussy squeezed between my closed legs which are stretched backwards.

And then the cane swishes down merciless in intervals on one minute or more, for Walter never gives me the next stroke until I am completely ready for it, which means for him, steady and perfectly relaxed over the bench. Therefore those canings need at best half an hour's time, but more probably three quarters of an hour.

After each stroke, given with full force, I almost leap up into the air from my painful resting place – so terribly cuts the cane into my flesh and so unbelievable is the pain searing through my behind. Slumping back I howl the number of strokes into the room and then begin to wail, to wail like hell, climbing up and down the scale until I am completely exhausted of breath and I lay there whimpering until I have regained enough breath for the next outburst of howls. I wriggle and writhe on that bench like mad, bucking and stooping in the extremest of ways and only unconsciously try not to fall off or to get up – that would mean the last stroke repeated and one more added.

The more my caning proceeds the more time I need to lay quiet again, ready for the next stroke to arrive and to draw another of those extremely ugly weals on my broad buttocks or my ample thighs. My screams and yells must be ear-splitting and hair-raising sometimes, but I can be sure that there is nothing to be heard than some indefinite noise outside – perhaps some muffled sort of whining sound rises from the roof, but who is there to hear it, other than the sparrows or swallows or the chimney-sweep, but fortunately they don't climb onto the roofs nowadays anymore.

Walter remains not unmoved during all that time. Waiting patiently and simply "doing his



work" as he would describe it, he takes a definite interest in the visible results of his "work", whereas he does not pay much – if at all – attention to my pains, my tears and howls and contortions. What for does he cane me – if not to hurt, hurt terribly, he would say.

Only at the end of my caning, when I am allowed to get up at last, with a paddles bust, whipped squim and caned backside and after I have restored cane, whip and paddle to their resting place again, he inspects my boobs, pussy, buttocks and thighs somewhat sympathetically, to make sure that "I have got what I needed" and that no real damage has been done by "getting it". And unexpected as it may seem, there is no harm done usually, no "real harm" that is.

Well, those are my punishments, always and invariably like that and am I not right in saying that they are more than is necessary – even if a wife, like me is actually willing to submit to her husbands discipline and correction?

I believe it is too much what I have to suffer and would like to hear if I am right with that, my opinion or not and I will look for comments and answers in the coming issues of your publication, if you print this letter. There will be some awkward moments, when I buy your periodical, being probably the only woman among all male purchasers. But I will stand that as I did already when I asked for your address.

And I think I will risk my husband reading it also – for I know, that sometimes he take a look at similar things. So lets hope that he does not just then and not yours he buys then (sorry for you, again). My fear is, that when he reads it he will react just the opposite way of that I had in mind, i.e. increasing my punishments. While my intention is to confront him with comments and opinions on my punishment which favourite decreasing of their intensity (and I hope that they are in that way), then trying make him change the severity of his punishments on the background of other opinions. Abandoning my punishments altogether is the last I hope for – and is actually not what I look for – some punishment has to be, that I know very well for myself.

With much hope for your help

(by publishing my letter) and all my wishes for you and your staff.

**Hanna-Renate Kluge**

*Dear Sirs,*

I am compelled to write and congratulate you on the quality and contents of your new magazine 'Blushes', and would like to make a suggestion on how to further improve it.

A number of your readers must be familiar with the erotic Victorian-style 'horsing' techniques used in establishments of correction. How about using some of these in your photo articles. For example, a Headmistress 'horsing' a naked schoolgirl on her back, the girl being caned by a Headmaster; alternatively, one schoolgirl 'horsing' another, preferably unclothed, each being punished in turn by a Headmaster or Headmistress. Incidentally, I must mention the superb photo submitted by K.V.F., Essex, of that young lady bending over the back of an armchair, having just received 'six of the best', knickers lowered to just the right height, white socks perfectly level with each other, displaying her feminine charms, and that crook-handled cane bound with tape for ease of use balanced on the girls' back.

Judging by his letter, this gentleman is a true connoisseur of C.P. and I sincerely hope that you will be printing more photographs from his private collection. It is unfortunate that we readers don't have access to his tapes also.

In the meantime, keep up the good work and I wish you every success for the future.

**E.J. (Liverpool)**

*Dear Sir,*

Congratulations! Your magazine is clearly streets ahead of the rest. My only complaint is that it ought to be published monthly. I particularly like the emphasis which is placed on embarrassment. Your magazine certainly lives up to its name 'MAKE EM BLUSH! RIGHT DOWN TO THEIR NIPPLES!' that's what I say. In my opinion the art of portraying embarrassment is to show a series of shots during which the girl or girls preferably, are made to

undress in front of a number of men and then lots of photographs showing them getting their just deserts TOTALLY NAKED. As far as I am concerned it is a must that the girls are made to display their tits and please lets have plenty of colour in their cheeks and even spreading to their breasts. I would love to see a sequence showing 2 or 3 girls having their measurements taken prior to punishment i.e. standing there completely nude, blushing furiously with a tape measure around their tits and then their hips. Can you come up with anything along these lines? It would also be nice to see girls having other parts of their anatomy punished i.e. their tits and pussies.

Perhaps I can relate a favourite fantasy of mine which may appeal to your readers. The action takes place in some secret corrective establishment run by men and visited by male guests. Imagine a large well furnished room within this establishment and 5 or 6 middle aged men, paunchy and balding, comfortably seated in armchairs sipping brandy and smoking cigars. Standing in front of them is another man who is a member of the, shall we say, management of the establishment. Next to him we have 3 lovely young girls, all nude apart from the skimpiest pairs of knickers imaginable. They are obviously incredibly embarrassed and although they are not actually crying they are clearly trembling and biting their lips as they are forced to look into the sneering gloating faces of the watching men.

The man standing then addresses the male audience. "Right gentleman, I believe these are the young ladies involved". There is a general murmuring in the affirmative and the grinning increases. The man then turns to the quivering girls. "Now then, I hear from these gentlemen that you three have been rather naughty girls. What have you to say. Claire?" The girl called Claire, a delicious young blonde with tits like melons begins to stammer and whimper. "Hmff ooogh sssir we just c-couldn't help it. The the things they were making us do ooogh it was so embarrassing". The tears are now starting to run over her scarlet cheeks. "Yes, I imagine it was my girl; still that's what you're in here



for isn't it? Believe me you're going to do some blushing tonight young lady. You are now going to find out what happens to naughty girls. Let me tell you what we're going to do to you this evening in front of all these gentlemen". The men seated in the armchairs were now gloating more than ever and were almost laughing at the girls who stood before them sobbing and trembling the blushes gradually spreading to their necks as they saw the men grinning and inspecting their tits and their knicker clad hips.

First of all we're going to redden your bottoms and I mean redden them!!! The girls gulped and their whimpering increased. "When your bottoms have been well and truly reddened, we're going to give you some sore titties!" The expressions on the girls crimson faces as they heard this piece of news was a picture. The blonde girl and indeed the other two now began to plead. "Oh no please n-no ssss-sir ooooooh pleeeeeease". The men simply continued to sneer and gloat. "Oh yes girls, yes but that's not all" continued the man who had now moved next to one of the other girls a raven haired young beauty, red faced and tits trembling. "After all if we're going to warm up your bottoms and titties we can't very well forget about those can we" and he placed his hand inside the front of the girls knickers gently patting her pussy. The three girls almost fainted on the spot! They immediately began to gulp and there was a series of choking pleas and promises. "Oh god no p-p-pleeeeee noooooo! I'll be a g--good girl sir, pleeeeee, I'm sorry I was naughty". The girls were now all crying and the blushes had now suddenly crept down to their heaving breasts. Their tear filled eyes turned to the men and they each had a pleading expression on their scarlet faces but all they saw were grins as the men gloated and mocked them. The man who was standing now approached a table on which lay 3 leather straps all of different size and weight. He picked up the heaviest of the straps and waved it in front of the whimpering girls.

"Now then girls as you can see we have here 3 straps. This one we are going to use on your bottoms. This strap is for your tits and this one, my little beauties is for those

pussies of yours!" The lightest of the straps was simply a thin strip of leather.

"Now this strap may not look much but when you get it across your pussies believe me, it will make you jump!" The looks on the girls faces were now absolutely delightful; they all looked as if they were going to faint at any moment.

"Now then girls lets get on with it. Off with those knickers!" The sobbing girls hesitated until the strap was cracked in the air "Come along get those knick knicks pulled down and put them on the table". Whimpering the three girls did as they were told. Now they stood trembling, totally nude and displayed for inspection. "Right I think we'll start with young Claire, Come here my girl!" The blonde was grabbed by the hair and pulled closer to the seated audience. She was made to face them and to bend slightly leaning forward toward the men so that her tits swing and joggled before them. "Now then start dancing my girl!!!!" The man brought the strap down with a resounding crack across the girls bottom "Eeeeyooww!" the girl squealed and danced, her tits bouncing and swinging. Her tears splashed onto her breasts which were now pink with her blushes. When she had got herself back into position, the strap whistled around her bottom again "Eee-yowchh!!!" Each of the girls were dealt with similarly until all three had a bright crimson bottom. Throughout the strappings the men continued to laugh and gloat mockingly over the girls who now stood sobbing and whimpering before them. It was difficult to say which was the reddest, their faces or their bottoms. Eventually the proceedings continued. "Right girls now for your titties!" The tears flowed even faster and one could almost feel the heat from their blushes. Once again it was Claire who was dealt with first. This time 2 of the men held her wrists with her arms straight and pulled slightly behind her so that her breasts were nice and prominent oh how she howled as the strap cracked across her tits and how they bounced!

By the time the men had finished with her, her tits were glowing; The other 2 girls were then given their medicine and they all 3, then stood there to attention having

their burning tits inspected. "Right girls now you're really going to dance!" The man in charge had now picked up the pussy strap! The girls were now crying hysterically and seemed to be blushing all the way down to their thighs. Once again Claire was seized by the hair and pulled forward her reddened tits swinging and bouncing. She was struggling a little until her tormentor gave her a series of hefty slaps, 2 on her bottom and 2 on each tit. She was made to stand in front of the man and thrust her hips forward bringing her pussy to the fore which incidentally had been closely clipped so that her mound was clearly visible. "Eeeeyowwchh!!!" The first stroke of the little strap across her mound had her jumping in the air, her big tits bouncing all over the place. Her pussy was strapped in this manner for several minutes until she was pleading with the laughing men. "Oh plllleeease nnno mmore, please stop please, I'll be a good girl, please". Smiling the man with the strap looked enquiringly at the male audience. "Well gentlemen?" The men hesitated sneering at the girl, gloating over her as she stood before them, crimson with embarrassment, tears streaming down her face her bottom, tits and now her pussy smarting and stinging. "Continue" smiled one of the men "Oh nooooo please yowwwww!!!" shrieked the girl as once again the thin leather strap cracked across her pussy. Eventually all three girls had had their mounds attended to and stood before the men for inspection. They thought that at last their punishment was over but alas they were sadly mistaken since the men were then invited to deal further with the girls if they thought fit and they certainly did. The squealing girls were each seized by the men and thrown across their knees for a good spanking! Throughout the evening the girls were spanked and slapped by all the men present. Squealing and shrieking they were passed around across the mens knees as their bottoms, tits and pussies were slapped without mercy. They were finally given an ice cold shower and put to bed to cry themselves to sleep.

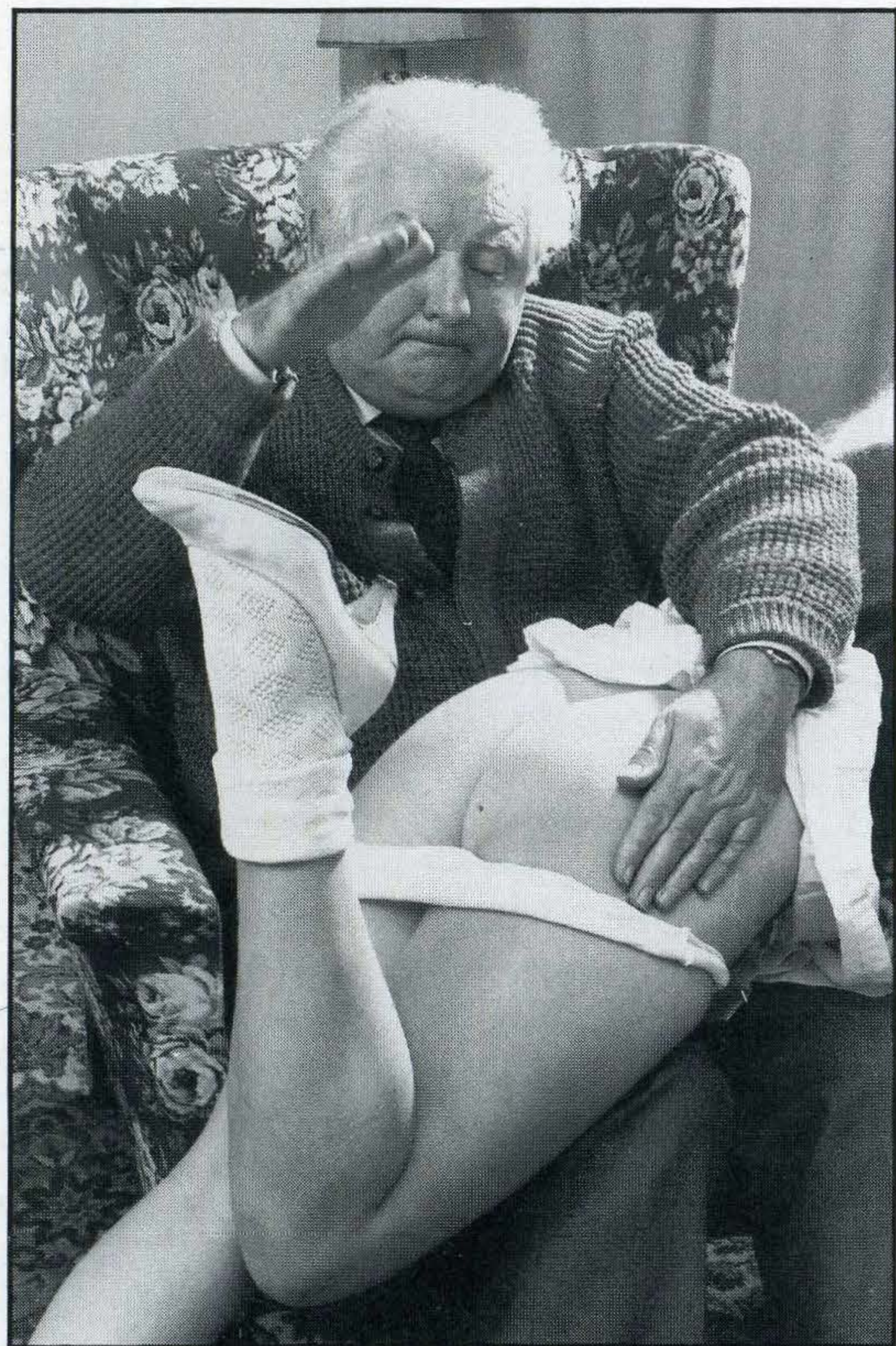
J.P. W  
South Yorks.



## 'BLUSHES' New Video!

### "BIG GIRLS DO CRY!"

Not to be missed! For those who know the book's plot, it will be sufficient to say that none of Susan's experiences at "Georgie's" hands are missed out or skimmed; for those who haven't read the book, some extracts follow which highlight the bum-tingling, blush-making embarrassments of Susan's first weeks at the home of a "friend of the family".



'Right! Now, *if* you're the big girl you say you are, then I suggest you go back upstairs, get back into bed, and practise being all grown up and go to sleep in the dark like everyone else does.'

Her face seemed to drop, physically.

'After all,' he said, 'if you're too grown-up to have to come home at a reasonable hour, then you're too old to need a night-light.' He smiled at her in mock encouragement. 'Don't you agree?'

She was about to say something. From the deep breath she was taking he thought he'd better not let her.

'Or,' he continued, 'if you don't think you'd like that very much, you can do what I suggested in the first place. You can get your pants down, get across my knee, and practise being a little girl who's going to get her bottom tanned for being late home.'

**W**ATCHING FROM THE airport observation platform, Susan's eyes followed the jet as it began its thundering run along the length of the runway.

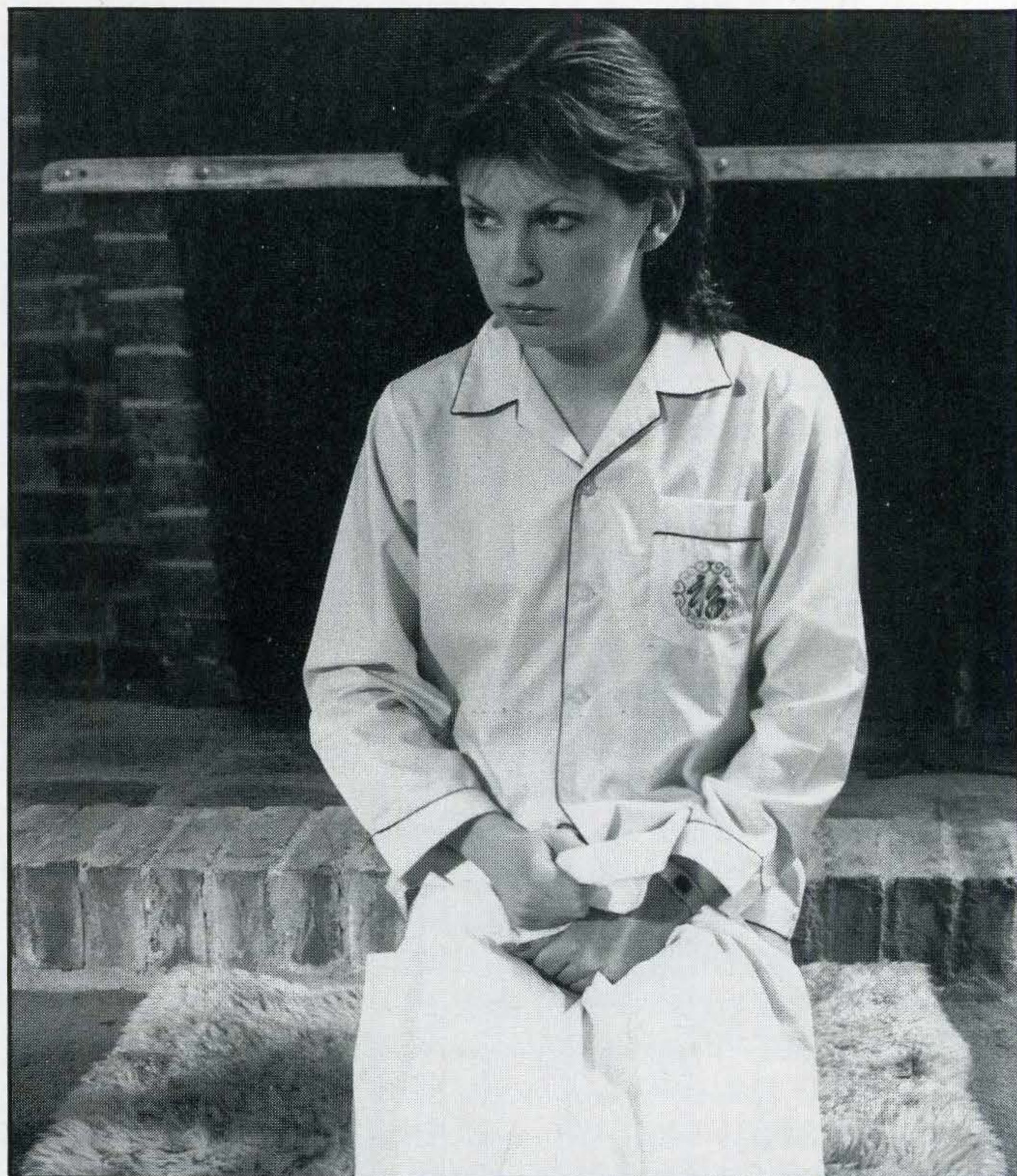
Although she knew that they probably wouldn't see her, she waved to her parents seated somewhere in that slim grey shape, then shaded her eyes with her hand as it climbed steeply away toward the sun.

For a long time she stood unmoving, her attention centred on the aircraft as it wheeled and turned away, becoming no more than a speck before disappearing into the shimmering blue of the sky.

When there was no longer anything to see she turned away, gratefully taking Uncle George's comforting hand and walked with him to the exit stairway.

In the car she was quiet at first, but as they reached the outskirts of London and threaded their way through the start of the rush-hour traffic, she began to brighten up a bit.

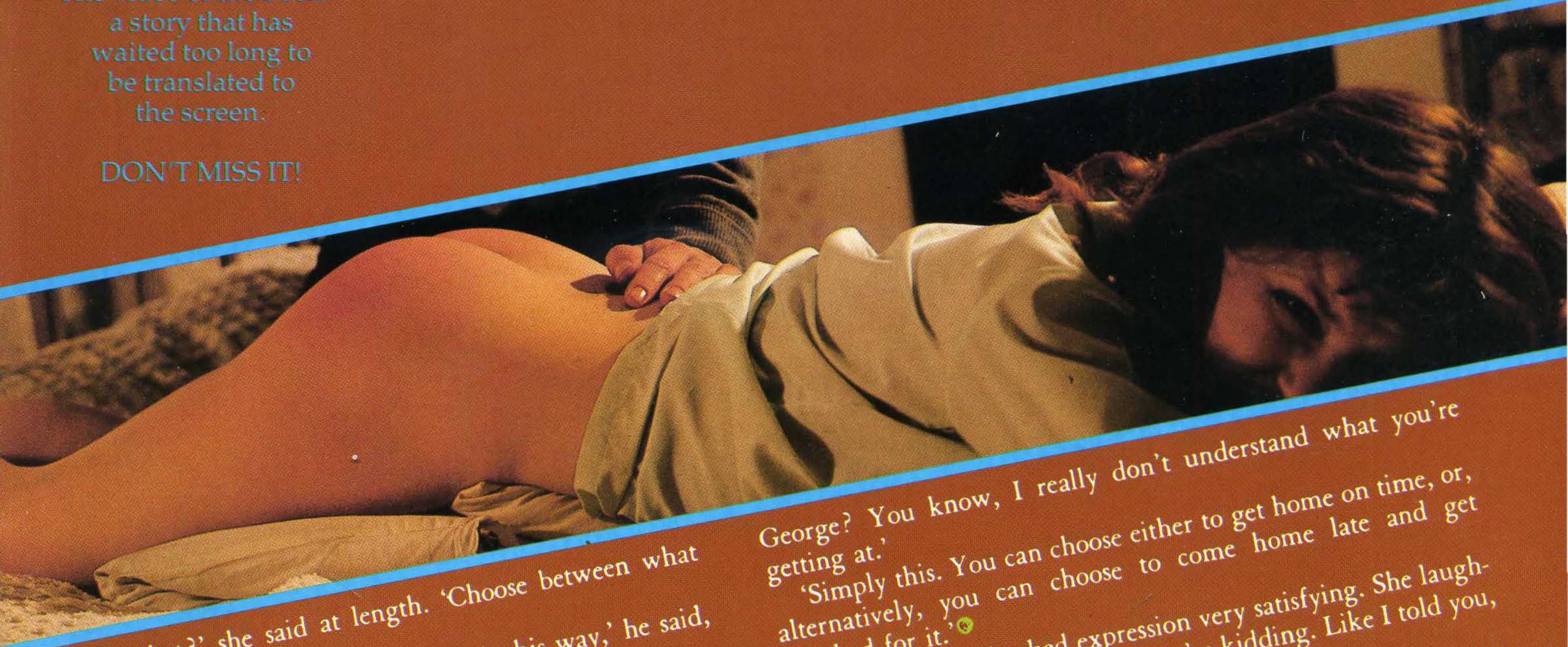
'Well,' she said, 'that's that. I'm all yours now, I suppose.'





The video of the book –  
a story that has  
waited too long to  
be translated to  
the screen.

DON'T MISS IT!



'Choose what?' she said at length. 'Choose between what and what?'

He looked at her, mildly. 'Let me put it this way,' he said, 'did you like it the other night? Getting spanked?' Her eyebrows betrayed her surprise. 'Don't be stupid. What d'you think I am, some kind of pervert? 'Course I didn't, and don't think I've forgotten it, either. And when Mum phones we'll see whether or not *she* likes the idea, shall we? She's bound to phone by the end of the week.'

He seemed unperturbed by her threat. 'Well now,' he said. 'You didn't like being spanked, and you don't like the idea of coming home by nine-thirty. So that's what I mean.'

'What's what you mean? What the hell *do* you mean, Uncle

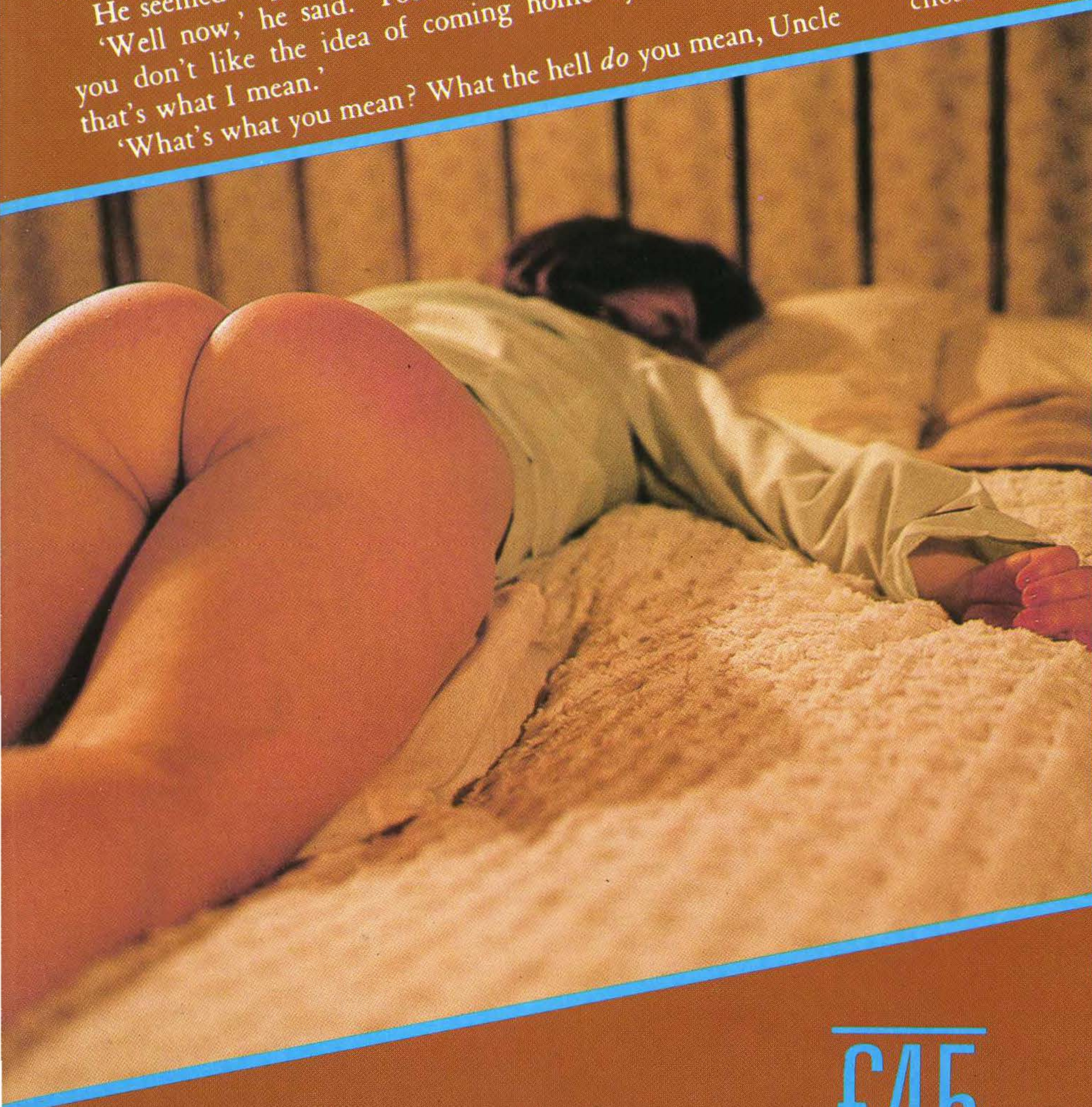
George? You know, I really don't understand what you're getting at.'

'Simply this. You can choose either to get home on time, or, alternatively, you can choose to come home late and get spanked for it.'

He found her shocked expression very satisfying. She laughed out loud. 'Who d'you think you're kidding. Like I told you, I'm a big girl now. Remember?'

'Yes,' he said, 'I remember,' remembering her last night, naked except for those little knickers, inviting, teasing. Asking for it.

'So like I said, you have to choose,' he continued, 'and tonight, whether you meant to or not, you seem to have chosen to go to bed with a sore bottom. Again.'



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For the second time that night, she found herself plunged into blackness. Stunned, she heard him going upstairs, stumbling once in the dark. She sat, fear growing again. When he stopped moving about upstairs, the silence seemed to add to the intensity of the darkness. Only the small red glow of the boiler comforted her at all, and even that threw shadows, grotesque and enormous, around the kitchen, adding another dimension to her fright. The awful feeling of panic started to worm around in her belly again, and at last, glad of the realisation when it came, she knew that she could stand it no longer.

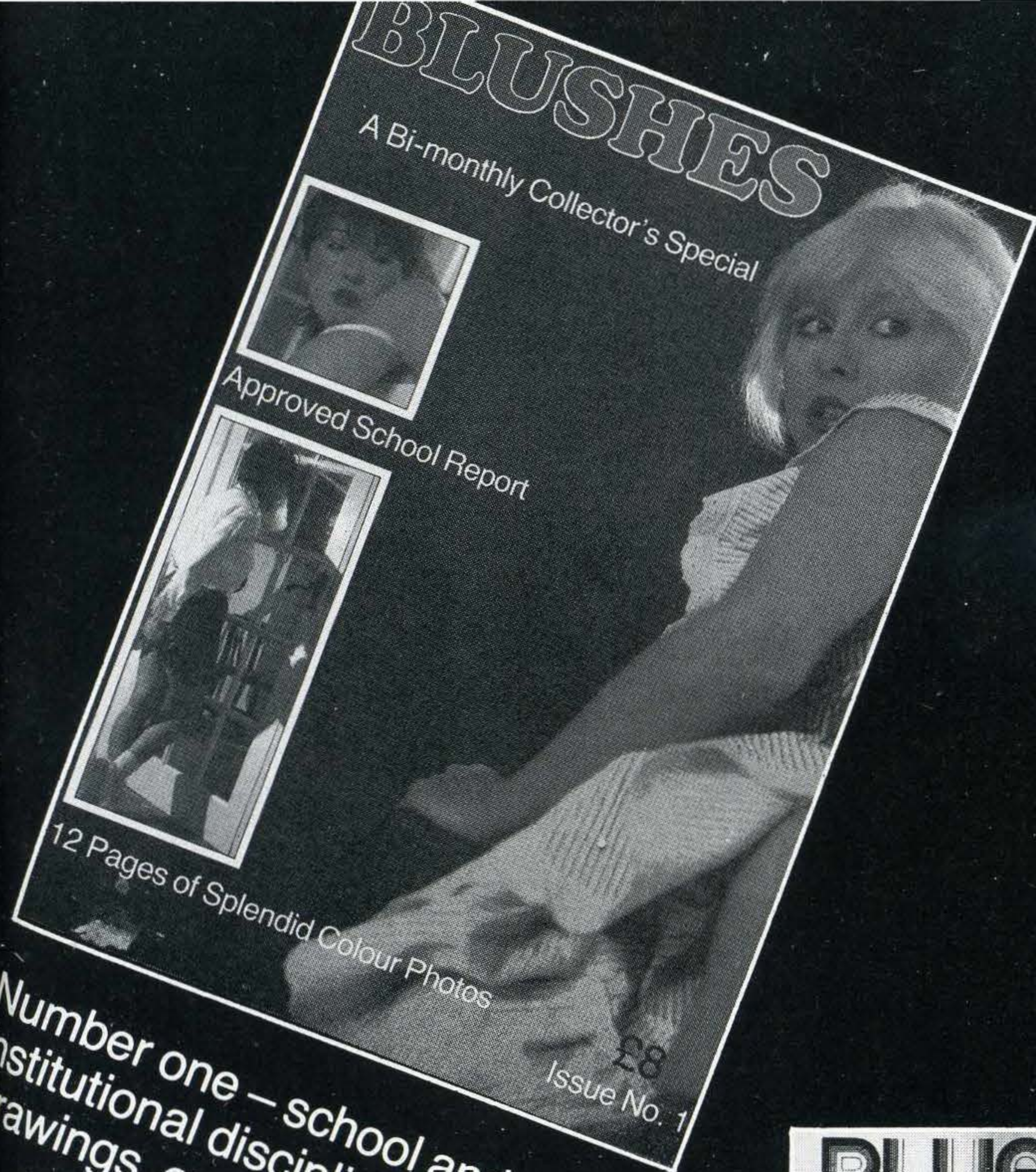
Then, drawn towards the only place in the whole world which seemed to offer any kind of salvation, she went warily down the hall and up the stairs, terrified of the sound of her own progress, until she was on the landing, and she sat on the top stair in the blackness, close to where a crack of light, the only light there seemed to be in the universe, shone out faintly from under his bedroom door. The thought of, the longing for, company, had drawn her here. That there was a light in his room was incredible, and to her tortured imagination an irresistible lure.

She stuck it out as long as she could, but the unknown HORRORS of that dark stairway grew in enormity until she was actually shaking with fright, her fear of the awful darkness rapidly outweighing her anxiety over the fate that she knew awaited her if she dared to open that door. When she could hold on no longer, she grasped the door handle, turned it, and slowly, timidly, opened the door.

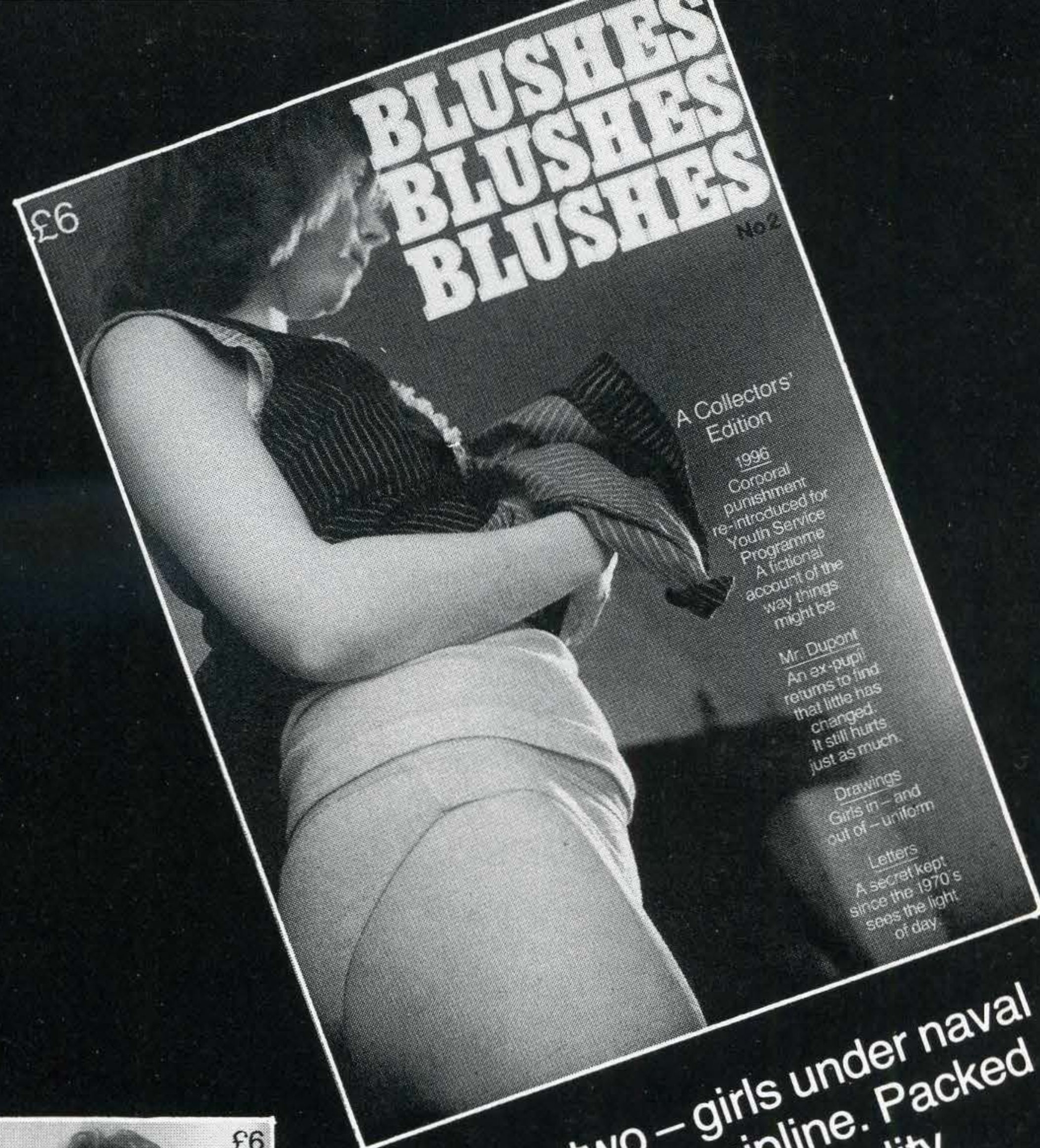
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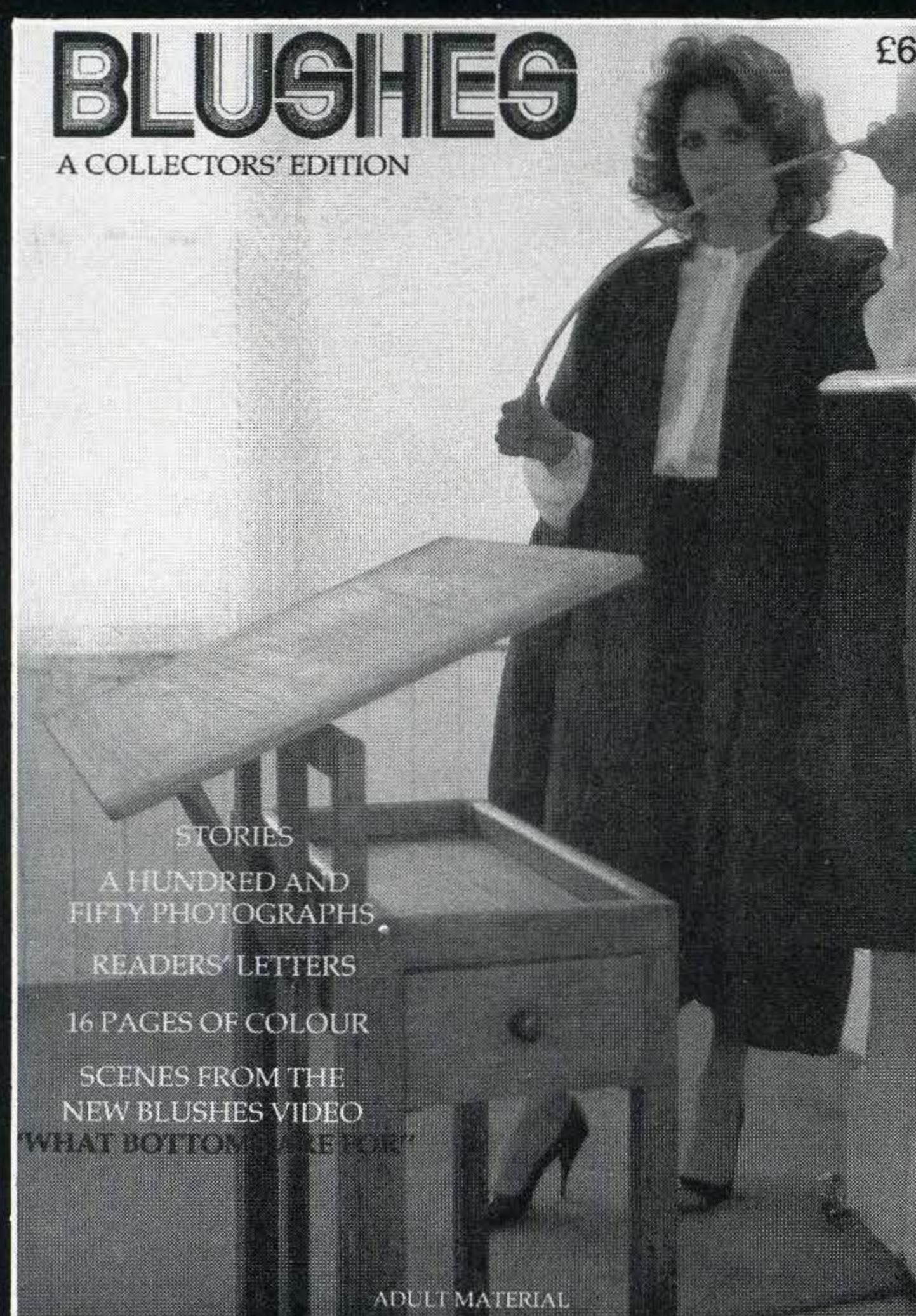




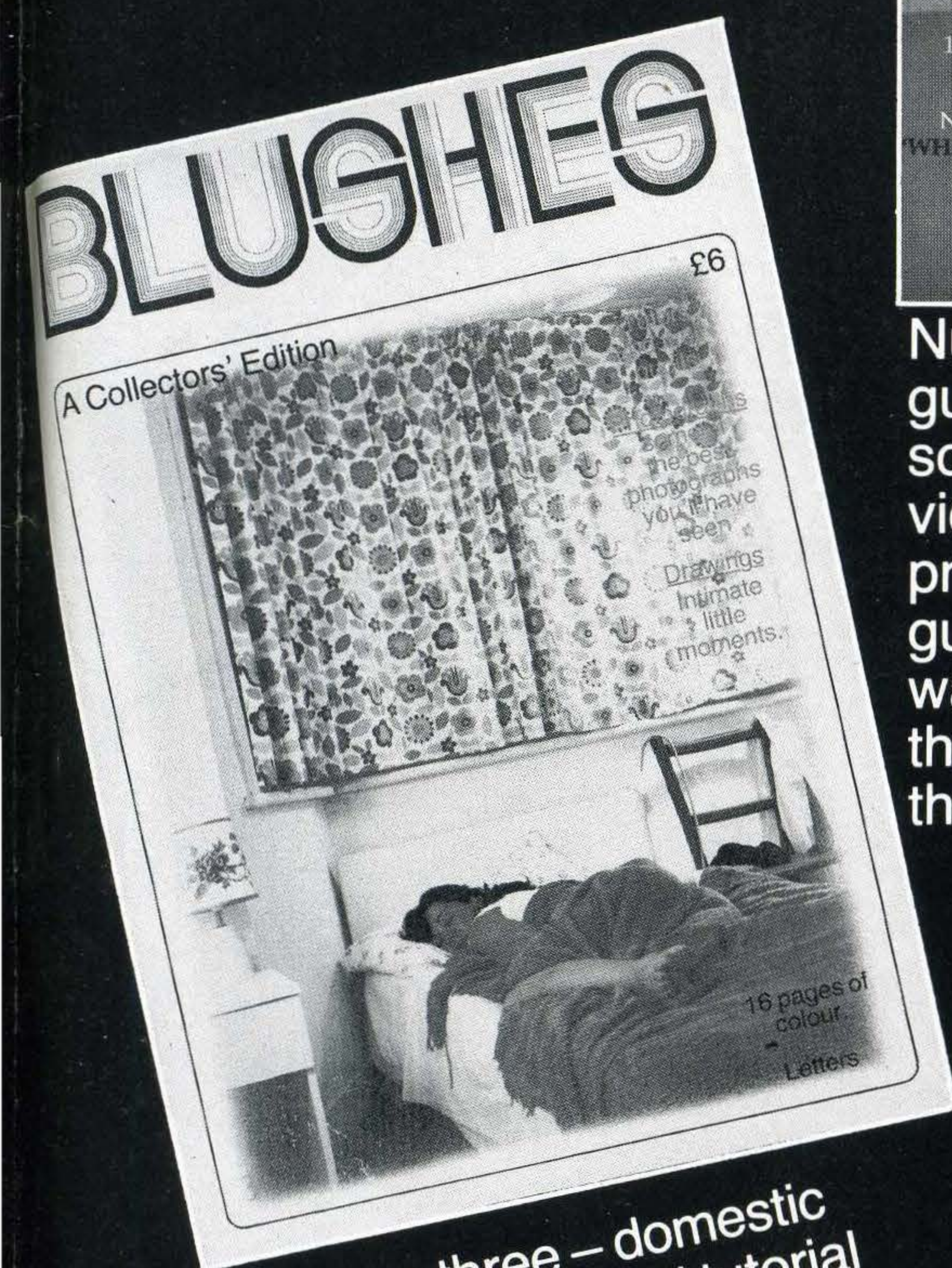
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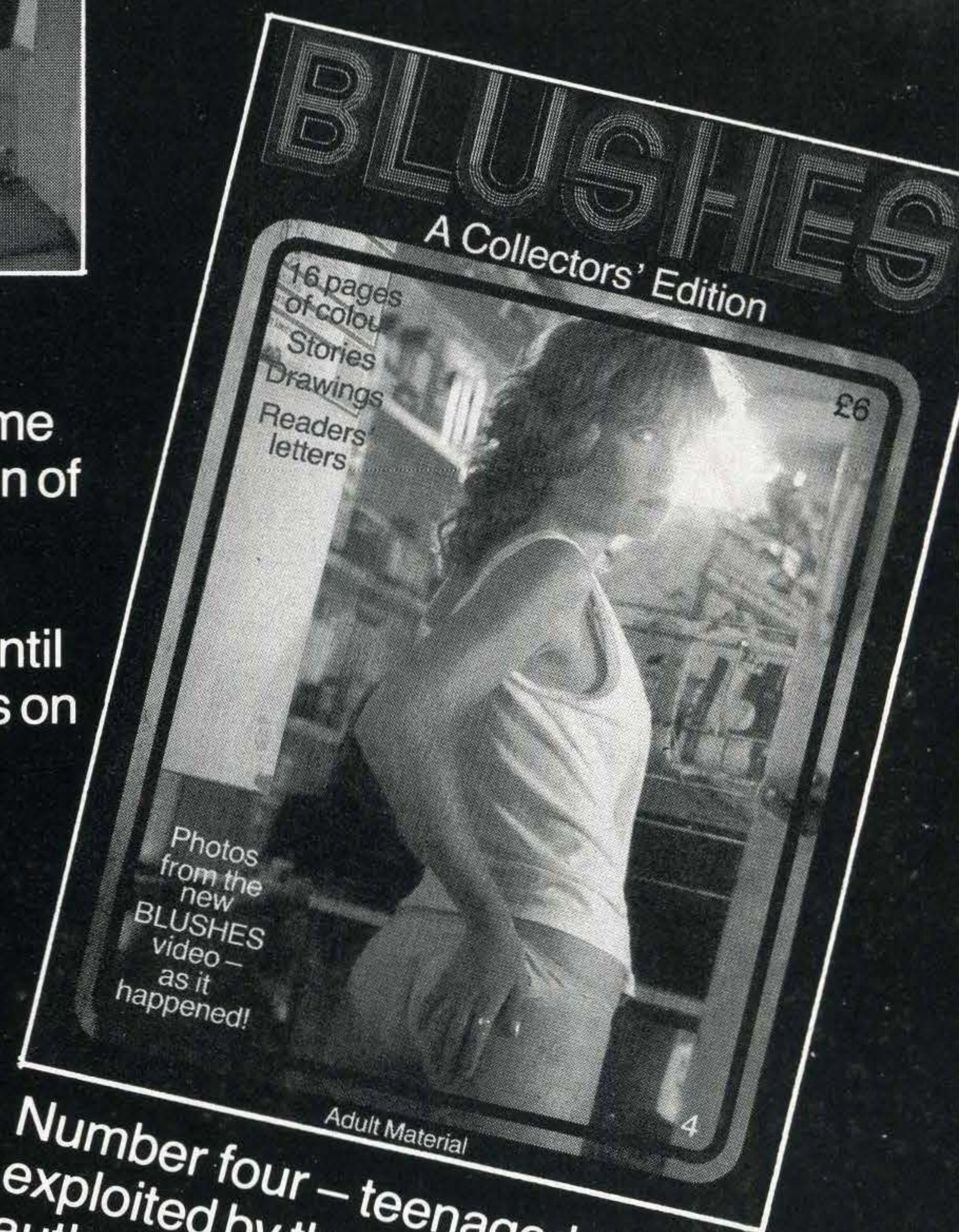
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INSIDE!



BIG GIRLS DO CRY!

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